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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

FOR reasons which we state in a leading article, but which are so nearly obvious that explanation is barely needed, the Young Plan cannot come into operation on its appointed day. It should not be beyond the wit of statesmanship to separate the political portion of the general settlement from the financial. Nor should it be impossible to make it plain that this country, being in no way bound by the opinions of technical experts, is guiltless of any breach of faith or even of disappointing reasonable expectation. Italy has raised trouble, in what degree out of inflexible decision and in what to prove that she is a voice in European affairs we will not conjecture. Heated comment in this country, in contradiction of the Italian official opinion or of the curious remarks of the French Press, would be folly. Mr. Snowden has brought things to a head. Let us wait and see, not in the impotence of the old phrase, but with patience, what, on second thoughts, other

parties to the discussion will do. Part of the trouble, of course, is that the real representative of Italy is a dictator in Rome, not the nominal delegate at the conference.

There is one moral to be drawn from Mr. Snowden's immensely increased popularity which few have drawn so far. He has made it very plain that the statesman who takes a bold line, expressing vigorously what the nation feels but most of its reputed representatives cannot bring themselves to say, can immediately count on general support. There is nothing surprising in this; the surprise would be if such a policy failed to secure national backing. But cannot Conservatives and Independents see what this may signify for them? Parties, as such, may be too timid or slow-witted or divided in opinion to champion a great cause boldly, but what is to prevent an individual politician of personality, not necessarily an elder statesman or a popular figure, from securing for some great national or Imperial cause the support which Mr. Snowden has secured over an international issue? And the cause is not bound to be one familiarly known for years as democratic.



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There are a great many policies described by average politicians as democratic which are not loved by the mass of voters. The first three able and persistent politicians who grasp the real situation and take their opportunities will together or alternately dominate British politics for the rest of their lives. The consolidation of the Empire is one cause offering a great opportunity; the liberation of Great Britain from restrictions on personal freedom, accompanied by the salving of what survives of our heritage of natural beauty and national culture, is another. This nation is ready to rally to leaders in such causes, so that they really lead. On the other hand, the mid-Victorian devotion to parties as such is virtually extinct.

Surprise has been excited by the action of the body arbitrating in the cotton-trade dispute in going back on the policy of public enquiry. That reversal is not by desire of the Board of Arbitration. As the Chairman said in announcing it, the Board neither wished the enquiry to be public nor objected to that course. Parties to the dispute seemed to think they might be hampered by publicity, and it was to allay their nervousness that the final decision was taken. Rapid progress is said to have been made, presumably because the enquiry was strictly confined to the one question whether, and if so to what extent, the employers' claim for a reduction of wages can be justified by evidence before the Board. As to larger issues, we would remind readers of what Mr. Hammersley wrote in these columns last week, that no wage dispute can be the crux of the problem. The fundamental need is complete reorganization of the industry, and that can be attained only by Government support and a more liberal policy on the part of the banks.

The serious clash between the Austrian Heimwehr and the Socialist forces in Styria last Sunday has drawn attention to a situation which for some time has been growing in acuteness. Since the resignation of Dr. Seipel and his replacement by a politician who was more favourable to the Socialists the attitude of the Heimwehr towards the Socialist administration of Vienna has become more and more aggressive. Indeed, the Heimwehr leaders, who to-day are openly boasting that they have Dr. Seipel on their side, are now including in their denunciation all Christian Socialists like Herr Streeruwitz, the present Chancellor, who are prepared to temporize with the Socialists. Admittedly, the Government, which includes many Heimwehr sympathizers among its members, has been weak in dealing with the various armed organizations which now control the country, and public opinion is greatly disturbed regarding the possibility of civil war. Nevertheless, in spite of the growing strength of the Heimwehr, we do not think that its leaders are likely to proceed to extremes. The population of Austria is divided almost equally into Fascists and Socialists. The latter are concentrated in Vienna, and it is difficult to see what advantage the Heimwehr could gain from a march against

the Austrian capital. An Austrian *Putsch* would have a very similar end to that of the Kapp *Putsch* in Berlin. It would be defeated by passive resistance, and its only result would be economic chaos and the collapse of Austrian credit abroad.

During the past week there has been a revival of alarming news from Manchuria. No progress has been made towards bringing the two disputants together, and rumours of raids and counter-raids have occupied a prominent place in the newspapers. The tone of the Moscow Press has become distinctly more aggressive, and the Nanking Government have increased the concentration of their troops in Manchuria. These new rumours of war need not be taken very seriously. Negotiations have not begun because both sides are playing for time. The Chinese, who now hold the railway, would like to forget that they were wrong from the beginning in seizing it: the Russians hope to profit from the delay by fomenting internal troubles in China. In this object they are hardly likely to succeed. To-day, the Kuomintan is thoroughly purged of Bolshevism. A delayed settlement is always unsatisfactory. In this case it may lead to local incidents, sporadic raids, and a few sensational head-lines in the newspapers. But local incidents by themselves cannot lead to hostilities unless one of the parties concerned in them is bent on war. And neither Russia nor China has any intention of fighting.

The official *communiqué* of the Jewish agency regarding the Mohammedan outrages at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem reveals a state of affairs which is not very creditable to the British administration in Palestine. The Wailing Wall is the holy place of the Jews. Even under Turkish rule they were allowed to worship there unmolested, and to-day freedom of worship is guaranteed by the mandatory Power. Ever since last year when, yielding to Arab agitation, the British authorities interrupted the most sacred service of the Jews on the Day of Atonement by removing the screen which divides the men from the women, there has been unrest among the Jews and anxiety for the undisturbed continuation of their religious ceremonies at the Wailing Wall. Formerly the Wailing Wall was a cul-de-sac, but recently the authorities have allowed the Mohammedans to convert it into a thoroughfare by the simple process of making a gateway through one of the Arab houses which surround the wall. This measure, which obviously facilitates disturbances, has not decreased Jewish anxiety and seems to be a serious blunder. We are not concerned with the merits or demerits of Zionist policy, but we feel strongly that a British administration should be able to ensure to the Jews the same liberty of worship which they enjoyed under Turkish rule.

The King's health improves, to the relief of an anxious public, and it is expected that he will be able to move to Sandringham very shortly. There-

after, as winter weather approaches, His Majesty may be persuaded to a cruise in the Mediterranean. He may be: but he has what Mr. Gladstone once called an ungovernable conscience, and it will be very difficult to convince him that he must seek warmth and quiet, even though it means delegation of many of his duties. The purely personal argument has never had much force with him. He can be made to take precautionary measures only by representations that, in the long run, he can best serve the nation by safeguarding his health and strength. We hope, therefore, that those who advise him will make it plain that the nation and the Empire are not merely willing that he should rest but earnestly desirous that he should do so. It need not be supposed that a Mediterranean cruise, for instance, would be simply a withdrawal from public service. His Majesty's presence as a convalescent within view, as it were, of the Spanish, French and Italian peoples would not be without effect on international relations. The sympathy evoked by it would encourage the good will between us and the Latin nations without which statesmanship can do only half its work for the peace of post-war Europe.

Few touring cricket teams in this country have attracted more sympathy and aroused more enthusiasm than the South Africans, and the general feeling among English cricketers is one of disappointment that they did not win at least one Test match. Apart from a dismal display in their first innings at Birmingham, they have been consistently bright and daring, and their fortitude under adversity has been remarkable. In the field they have been brilliant: it is not, in fact, too much to say that better fielding has not been seen more than three or four times on English grounds since the war. With all this, luck was against them, and a South African team, especially one in which only three men have been in England before, requires all the luck it can get to balance the handicap created by our unfamiliar wickets. But they have conclusively shown that the next team we send them will have to be our full strength (though it is at present doubtful what that may be) and that on their next visit they may well achieve the long-desired Test match victory in England.

The official opening on Monday next of the improved Welsh egg-packing station at Clynderwen marks another step in the National Mark egg organization which is rapidly spreading its net over the whole of Britain. There are to-day 185 authorized packers who are dealing with twenty-five per cent. of our total home output of eggs. This is a remarkable achievement when it is remembered that the scheme was only introduced in February this year. The progress of the movement shows a tendency to speed up rather than to slow down, for the results to which it can now point are causing more and more producers and dealers to realize that they cannot afford to stand outside. In Birmingham alone the number of shops selling National Mark eggs has doubled in the last three months, and even

the egg auctioneers, who were not enthusiastic about the scheme at the beginning, are now giving it increasing support. Although the actual figures are not yet available, it is known that the National Mark scheme has already had the effect of considerably increasing our total production of eggs. The Ministry is to be congratulated upon its successful efforts to "rationalize" this branch of British agriculture, and we hope that the complementary scheme for marketing table poultry, which we understand is in preparation, will not be long delayed. If reports are true, this trade is suffering even more than the meat trade from irregular marketing and dealers' rings.

President Hoover's eulogy of fishing as the one refuge wherein "men can escape to their own thoughts, live in their own imaginings, and find relief from the pneumatic hammer of personal contacts and refreshment of mind in the babble of rippling brooks" was intended as a plea for the introduction of compulsory angling for Presidents. Mr. Hoover, who learnt his fishing from Indians and has fished ever since he was a boy of six, evidently subscribes in full to the Waltonian Doctrine that no fisherman was ever wholly bad, and his statement that "next to prayer fishing is the most personal relationship of man" is an eloquent tribute to the joys and benefits which he himself has derived from this most delectable of all pastimes. Indeed, with the speeding up of modern life there is a growing tendency among harassed politicians and over-worked men of affairs to seek relief in Nature's woods and streams for their material cares. Since the war the increase in the number of anglers has been prodigious, and it has been as marked in countries where angling was almost unknown as in our own Empire or in the United States. It is a healthy tendency which has everything to recommend it; a wise Government, desirous of an A1 nation, will do well to see that our streams and lakes are always kept well stocked with sporting fish.

The death of M. Diaghileff removes the master-craftsman of modern ballet. When he brought his troupe to London before the war the colour, fancy and astonishing vitality of his production evoked a charge of "barbarism" from the old connoisseurs of Italian toe-dancing and of a colder, narrower virtuosity in grace. But the invasion was irresistible and the combination of Bakst, Nijinsky and Karsavina became the rage of the town. The vogue for dying swans was utterly banished by the splendours of Coq d'Or and the Fire Bird. Diaghileff was frankly a showman who sought to please the young idea of the wealthy aesthete in the European capitals. He must have had his tongue in his cheek when he gave them some of the latter curios; he knew his public. It was determined to be in touch with the last-minute craze and he ingeniously served its whim. But his best work in London was his earliest, and probably he would have cared most to be remembered for 'Scheherazade' and 'Petrouchka.'



## THE DEADLOCK AT THE HAGUE

THESE seems now to be no prospect of agreement at the Hague, and the Young Plan will accordingly not come into force on September 1, which was its appointed day. That is a misfortune for Germany, for the Young Plan promised her a reduction in her annual payments and she has budgeted for the lower amount. Worse still, the evacuation which was to have followed the adoption of the Young Plan is apparently to be postponed. It is true that this country proposes to withdraw its troops from the Rhine immediately—certainly before Christmas—and that there will be a partial evacuation by Belgium at the end of the year; but the British troops had made themselves popular in the occupied territories, and if all the armies are not withdrawn, Germany would probably prefer that they stayed. But M. Briand apparently has made up his mind that the acceptance of the Young Plan is a condition precedent to France's evacuation. Surely it is easy enough to separate the financial from the political parts of the Young Plan. The breakdown of the financial parts of the Plan does not mean that the Allies surrender their rights to reparations from Germany. The reparations that we receive all go to the payment of our debt to America, and do not by any means cover it, but we are not conscious that the evacuation of the Rhineland makes our financial position either better or worse. The real security for the payment to us of our share of reparations is Germany's sense of honour and her anxiety for peaceful relations with her neighbours, not at all the presence on the Rhine of a few thousand British troops.

There is no real reason why France should not take the same view. No doubt immediate withdrawal would be politically inconvenient to M. Briand, and would almost certainly mean his fall from power. But it would inflict no injury on France. On the contrary, those Frenchmen who are anxious to live on terms of friendship with Germany recognize how impossible it is to make a beginning with this policy so long as French troops are on German soil. If France were prepared to withdraw her troops on the adoption of the Young Plan, why should the system on which reparations are distributed among the Allies affect that willingness?

To do France justice, not she but Italy has been the main obstacle to agreement at the Hague. Mr. Snowden has been accused by some enemies in his own party of wrecking the chances of European settlement for two and a half millions a year. Two and a half millions in these days is not by any means a negligible sum; but a genuine spirit of peace in Europe would be exceedingly cheap at the price. Mr. Snowden does not object to a handsome contribution to the peace of Europe. If his view were to prevail, and the Spa

percentages were to stand, this country would still be a loser financially by the adoption of the Young Plan, for there would be less money from Germany to divide among the ex-Allies. Mr. Snowden, therefore, is not attempting to screw any financial advantage to ourselves out of the Allies. The beginning and end of his contention is that the sacrifices made for the hope of a new Europe shall not fall disproportionately on this country, but shall be evenly distributed. If the ex-Allies are not prepared to accept that principle it is mere hypocrisy for them to pretend that they are actuated by the force of an ideal which will be damaged unless this country contributes more than its share.

The only Power that stands to gain appreciably by the adoption of the Young Plan is Italy; in her case the increase of her percentage would more than cover her loss from the reduction of Germany's annual payments. France's gain, in the preferential position that would be given to her claims, would be balanced by the reduction of the receipts from Germany. We, on the other hand, besides having our capital reduced, like the rest, would be offered an inferior and deferred security, and in addition there would be a surtax on our receipts which would go mainly to the benefit of Italy. Why Italy? Have we treated Italy unfairly in her debt to us? On the contrary, even Signor Mosconi admits that we have remitted as much of her debt to us as America remitted of Italy's debt to Italy. The British contention is that we remitted eighty-six per cent. as against America's eighty per cent., and that the reason we remitted more was that Italy was getting a smaller share of reparations. If Italy still thinks that she is getting less than her just share of reparations that might be a reason for her pressing claims against France, but hardly against us, who have already made a more liberal abatement of her debt to us than even the wealthy and prosperous America has done.

Mr. Snowden has the support of all parties, and of many who belong to none, in refusing to pay the same peace account twice over after having paid the war account three times over as compared with Italy—on sea as well as on land, which is twice, and in the East as well as in the West, which makes thrice. It is a matter for sincere regret that Germany, in consequence of our refusal to accept the injustice of the Young Plan, will have to continue paying reparations on the higher scale of the Dawes scheme, but the fault is not ours. We are willing to accept the reduction from Germany on the basis of the Spa percentages, and that we draw a clear distinction between the political aims of the Young Plan and its financial provisions is shown by our determination to evacuate the occupied territory in any event.

Our difficulties at the Hague have been greatly increased by the consent given by our own experts to the Young Plan. It may well be that we made it clear that our experts had no authority to consent to a revision of the Spa percentages, but we ought to have gone further than that. Our experts



should have been instructed that in no case should we consent to such revision if it were to our disadvantage. Our failure to give these definite instructions is responsible for the failure of the Hague Conference, for if they had been given, the Young Plan would either never have taken shape at all or would have taken a form which we might have been able to accept. Our politicians are too fond of handing a difficult subject over to the experts, reserving to themselves freedom to accept or reject their findings. That may be a convenient way of postponing the making up of our own mind in home affairs; but it is disastrous applied to international affairs in which the representatives of other Powers are concerned who may have had specific instructions from their Government and therefore be at a great advantage with ours. The right use of experts is as servants of a policy, not as the framers of policy.

The really important topic for a conference on international war debts is how to prepare for their abolition. The Hague Conference discussed reparations as though they were going on for another sixty years. But does any sane man think that half Europe is going to pay reparations in order that the other half may pay it to America in interest on war debt? The system cannot possibly endure, but we cannot end it by ourselves. America can end it, and Europe acting in concert could end it. Is it not to her own, as well as Europe's interest, that America should take the lead in settling the problem of reparations and war indebtedness as an indivisible whole?

### FESTIVAL

A LARGE part of the attraction of sporting events is the annual recurrence, the reunion with old scenes. One race-meeting is very like another; so, too, is one race-goer, and Lady Somebody, who is photographed "with friend" in the paddock, has been similarly featured for the Press in every paddock and on every *plage*. But one race-course or playing-field may be quite different from the rest; Goodwood is not Alexandra Park, nor is Canterbury Old Trafford. The annual "week" is to that extent an annual change; it breaks routine, it brings decoration, and heightens the social temperature. Nature adds scenery to sport and frames five furlongs in green and gold. To the actual scene of the games man gives a background of pleasant hospitality. The house-party gathers up the players and cricket has music in the air. The men of Kent go from popping-crease to footlights. There is festival.

Gradually in England it is being recognized that the arts, like the sports, can flourish upon festival. During this week the world has been introduced by Sir Barry Jackson to the sharp spine of the Malvern Hills as well as to further courses of Shavian disquisition. The night's mental mountaineering can have its afternoon equivalent on the Beacon. At Canterbury the cricketers have their vigorous rivals in entertainment. The city has wisely remembered its Cathedral and made music; it has remembered Marlowe and made the boards echo with his line. The open spaces of the town have become a theatre with antiquity in place of painted canvas.

At Haslemere the Dolmetsch family are busy among the pines and the heather of what house-agents delight to call "The Surrey Highlands" and using this pleasant landscape to enforce their annual reminder that England was once a land that led in melody; Stratford, of course, is resonant with its native Shakespearean rites, and in September the visitor to Avon and Malvern can move on to the Three Choirs' Festival at Worcester. So the musician and the playgoer have their Goodwoods too, and the theatre-lobby becomes a room with a view; the cathedral opens its aisles to more than the pitter-patter of visitant feet and is a chamber of music; the stranger carries Shakespeare's spring-songs in his brain for a walk on the Warwickshire meadows.

It is a good plan thus to give the arts a summer habitation. The intelligent tourist is by this means given a definite objective in his travels and is able to discover England not only as a pleasant land but as an echoing workshop of those who have wrought its pleasures into sound and thought. The wonder is that our more ancient and agreeable cities do not vie in a tournament of self-enhancement by way of festival. Has York no answer to Canterbury? Cannot Chester stay the traveller on the road to Wales and renew its historic fame as a city of play-actors? Bath has omitted to exploit the current vogue of the Augustan age. The town cries out for festival in periwig. There are many others whose past and present suggest a similar enhancement of the holiday mood.

But to be successful there must be continuity. To be vocal one year and silent the next is of little use if the world's attention is to be caught. Our Travel Association, for instance, must prepare during this winter its appeal to the tourist of 1930, and therefore it must know what festivals of this kind are being planned if it is to give the foreigner an understanding of when and where to find the English arts at home to visitors in the most apt surroundings. The English festivals could establish a fixity of repute like that of Salzburg. Occasional effort is not enough; there must be policy and persistence. Even in these days of expert and furious publicity the general ear is not reached quickly; there must be emphasis and explanation.

Another point of some concern is that the festival be really festal. It is idle to build only a Highbrow Hall. Foreign taste is broader-browed than our own, and it is the European habit to house many pleasures under one roof and to mix sense and nonsense, austerity and revelry with a proper regard to the general entertainment. In England we tend to think that a serious playgoer wants nothing by way of a change and that provision of ample food for the mind excuses a similar service of the more ordinary appetites. The gala mood must be general and not grudging. The caterer must play his part; we have most of us had some sad occasion to reflect, in following the arts to their summer-houses, that the local tradesmen spell festival as fastival and think that a comfortable bed is a heathen luxury most unnecessary for a lover of the Muse. Nor must prices be giddily raised to celebrate the effort. It is intolerable that Cut-purse should masquerade as master of the ceremonies.

## THE BRIDGE, THE STATION, AND SOUTH LONDON

By D. S. MACCOLL

ENGLAND, as we know, is a country that has been fertile in new ideas, but apt to be careless or niggling in their application and development. One of those was the idea of Garden Suburbs and Garden Cities, starting, I suppose, with the group of church, stores and houses at Bedford Park. In what followed the garden and open space element became more important; for example, at Golders Green, where the Heath extension, the care to preserve trees and other features of the planning have been praiseworthy. But the architecture, with certain exceptions, quickly ran down into the lucky-tub style of our streets, where hardly a building is aware of its neighbour, and leaded casements and other fripperies take turns with baldness and elementary blunders in proportion. So with the revival of the idea of general order in our cities which is known as Town Planning. A thoroughfare on a generous scale like Kingsway is the isolated event of a century; a space like the Foundling site has to be ransomed by an individual, and the breathless development of traffic finds us helpless, uncertain, grasping at one makeshift or another, putting up a semi-sky-scraper here and there, or engaged in the crazy scheme of a wide Waterloo Bridge with a throttle end.

In America they are not afraid of the large scale and the wide purview. The sky-scraper was a big idea, but also a big mistake in congested Manhattan. As M. Le Corbusier has demonstrated, the necessary complement of the sky-scraper is ample open space round about it: otherwise the streets are choked. Nothing daunted, a group of public men in New York, financed by the Russell Sage Foundation to the tune of £250,000, has devoted seven years and a library of reports to a radical study of how New York itself and the surrounding districts should be planned and re-planned for a future in which its population, now about ten millions, will be doubled. The word now is "Regional Planning"; the spaces included spread to a tenth part of the area of England and include not only subsidiary town-centres and parks, but farms and large estates. In getting out this study, which undoubtedly will have practical results, the promoters set economists and health authorities to work as well as engineers and architects, and it was a principle that the last two should work from the start together, that architecture should not be mere trimming, superposed.

I can only thus roughly indicate the scope of a vast scheme, but an account of it will be found in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects* for August 10. The reader of the paper there printed was Mr. Thomas Adams, an Englishman, by the way, who is General Director of the Regional Plan. At the same meeting a paper was read by Mr. Jay Downer on the Development of Parks, Parkways and Forest Preserves in Westchester County, one section of the Region, and was illustrated by a remarkable series of slides, showing the before and after of the tracts of land that have been treated.

Our town planners are not ignorant of all this. Tuesday's newspapers refer to the movement in this country for regional planning, and *The Times*, for example, illustrates Mr. Raymond Unwin's project for the treatment of arterial roads, so as to avoid "ribbon development," factory dumping, and bungalosis. It is high time that such studies were taken in hand if any ancient beauty is to be preserved and new orderliness to be obtained. England is a small "region" quickly being transformed by three causes: the break-up of the old order of mansions, parks and dependent farms; the shift of industry and population to the

south; the enormous growth of motor traffic. The roads provided for that traffic constitute a change as revolutionary as were the railways, and more all-penetrating. Over that revolution Government, through the purse of the Ministry of Transport, exercises a certain control. Can we hope that the control will become more far-sighted and enlightened?

The latest example, the history of the Charing Cross Bridge and Railway Station project, is not encouraging. In this, following on the Report of the Bridges Commission, the Ministry was one of three parties, the other two being the County Council and the Railway Company, and a considerable step was made when the Company was induced to consider the transfer of their station to the other side of the river. But it was forgotten that the disappearance of the railway made it unnecessary to construct a high-level bridge, arching over the Strand, for the remaining traffic. When that was pointed out the level was altered, but in the new plans no architect was consulted, and the lay-out at either end was deplorable. Once more pressure was brought to bear and an eminent architect was called in. But the scope of his advice was strictly limited: he was allowed to plot a handsome (and very costly) treatment of the Charing Cross approaches, but the other side of the river was treated with the old contempt; its tram-infested streets were now to be freely tunnelled-in by viaducts, to the extent of 350, 420, and 730 feet, and the space between the new Charing Cross bridge and Waterloo bridge condemned to remain a viaduct-walled slum.

Now this quarter is in the very heart of London, its potential centre, though the fact is disguised by the habit of mind which stops short at the river and gives over the farther side to vagueness and railway chaos. A mistake made now will hold back its proper development and entail a loss not only of amenity, but of economic, of money values. In fifty years' time or less, a wrong solution will have to be scrapped and a better one found, at much greater cost. Unfortunately, after a delay of years in negotiations, the final agreement was cobbled up and rushed through. Because it was an agreement at all and included the new bridge and transfer of the station, it was received with general congratulation, and the protests of the Bridges Conference were brushed aside.

It is not as if no better alternative were in the field. The scheme of Mr. D. B. Niven, who has had the co-operation of Mr. W. D. Caroc and of Mr. William Muirhead, the well-known engineer, has many advantages. It places the new station where it ought to be, beside Waterloo Junction, a key position for distribution of traffic to the various bridges. The line of the new bridge centres on its façade; its foundations are clear of the tubes; tunnel streets are avoided and there are approaches from the Embankment as well as the Strand level. At the Charing Cross end is the site for a first-rate public building or block of buildings, flanked by radiating avenues. Finally, by avoiding compensation for the destruction of Lloyds Bank, the Union Jack Club and other property, this scheme is estimated to make a saving of three millions on the sum to which we are committed by the other, not to speak of eventual benefits through betterment. A fuller account of it and plans will be found in the *Builder* for July 26. Here, then, is a more hopeful solution, but the really satisfactory one would be to bury the railway, not the streets, and bring passengers into London underground. It has been done in other capitals: why not in ours?

Is there any use, I shall be asked by a public weary of the whole controversy and pleased that any agreement at all should be reached, in opposition at this the twelfth hour? Well, some of us succeeded, when both County Council and Parliament had decreed the destruction of Waterloo Bridge, in rousing public opinion to a protest that resulted in the Bridges



Commission. I take it that even now Parliamentary sanction will be required in the shape of an Act to ratify the agreement. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government will perhaps think again and think better before finally giving sanction to the mess which is misnamed a plan.

## A LETTER FROM DUBLIN

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin, August 21

MR GEORGE RUSSELL, or Æ, as he is better known, has been for thirty years a leading figure in Irish intellectual life, and among our citizens he is the one first sought by foreign visitors of distinction when they come on tours of enquiry to Dublin. The Irish literary group in which he has been a principal influence is famous throughout the world, and Æ's own work will be found in every anthology of modern verse. Mr. Russell, in company with Mr. John Galsworthy, has now received an honorary degree from Trinity College, Dublin. The event is worth a remark, because Trinity's action marks the end of a long estrangement between the representatives of the Irish literary movement and the authorities at what is (with all respect to the National University) still the chief seat of Irish learning.

Trinity as a centre of Irish unionism and episcopalianism for long distrusted the romanticism of the Celtic revival. In this movement writers of Irish birth were taken out of the main current of English literature into which Trinity's own most distinguished sons—a Berkeley, a Goldsmith, a Burke—had so easily merged. Some of the best-known members of the new school had, moreover, directly identified themselves with the Home Rule or Sinn Féin agitations. Intricate social and political reasons determined an attitude which prevailed until the passing at ripe ages of our eminent Victorians, Mahaffy, Tyrell and Dowden. Singularly few of the new litterateurs had been at a University, and the late Provost Mahaffy would pay no regard to writing that had not the stamp of the academy; he is said to have deplored St. Paul on this account—"the man never sat at the feet of a master." Our poets and literary essayists in their turn associated themselves with the popular criticism of Trinity as a foreign institution, with no ideals except the utilitarian one of education for export and (for Ireland) the maintenance of a narrow social sectarianism.

Events in Ireland since the establishment of the Free State have intended to bring about a *rapprochement* between Trinity and our intellectuals. Both have been subject to very similar attacks from the same quarter. Our poets and dramatists like Synge, Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Æ, bespoke in the old days the revived self-consciousness of a people or race. Their work, particularly that of Æ—a political philosopher as well as a poet—greatly served the cause of Irish self-government by familiarizing the English *intelligentsia* with new and interesting conceptions of Irish nationality. But now that self-government has come, Æ and his friends find themselves in their turn derided and denounced as aliens by a powerful party within Ireland itself. They speak of intellectual freedom, and are accused of introducing British and foreign elements into the native and Gaelic strain. Not the least of the uses of our newly-established Censorship, one would gather from the popular Catholic Press, is to be the destruction of their mischievous cultural influence. Trinity College, as another obstacle to the advance of neo-Gaelic Catholicism, has suffered under like attacks. The past year has been particularly difficult in this respect, since the celebration of the centenary of Catholic emancipa-

tion gave occasion to every envenomed scribe in the country to stir up memories of past persecutions.

The politicians in power are committed to the claims of the Gaelic revival; but they deplore the attempt to exploit Gaelicism and religion in the interest of new antagonisms of race. Mr. Cosgrave's Ministry has on more than one occasion recognized the value to Ireland of the Anglo-Irish literary achievement, and the improvements made in the Censorship Bill during its passage through the Dail reflected many of the able criticisms which Æ had made of this measure in his journal, the *Irish Statesman*. In Trinity College, however, good relations with Government were somewhat disturbed this summer by the raising, on the occasion of the Governor-General's proposed visit to the College sports, of the vexed question of the National Anthem. The Sports Committee supposed that the King's representative would be suitably greeted by 'God Save the King'; but Mr. MacNeill asked for the Soldiers' Song and declined the invitation when the Committee demurred. The Soldiers' Song is a tune of the Sinn Féin rising which the Free State has adopted for use on ceremonial occasions. Its associations render it unpalatable both to ex-Unionists and old-fashioned Nationalists, as also to the large body of ex-Service men in Ireland. The stand taken at Trinity was, however, rather surprising in view of the fact that Mr. MacNeill, like Mr. Healy before him, is welcomed at the Royal Dublin Society's annual horse-show by the Soldiers' Song; and the R.D.S. is at least as much of the old regime as Trinity College.

The publicity given to the incident was not altogether unfortunate, for it drew from Government quarters a semi-official explanation—the first that has been vouchsafed—on the subject of the two Anthems. It was stated that the Government's position not only implied no discourtesy to the King, but that the King, should he himself come to Ireland, would be welcomed in constitutional propriety by the Soldiers' Song. Logic here, as so often, clashes with common sense; for common sense would suppose that a King's representative could not object to the playing of 'God Save the King.' The point—a significant one—presumably is that King George is Irish King, and that his sovereignty here derives from the Irish people and not from his position as British monarch. On the other hand, were a British Prime Minister to come to Ireland, the Free State Army band would strike up 'God Save the King,' just as it does at the Horse Show when the British military team rides round.

Where the Free State logic fails, however, is in the choice of the Soldiers' Song as the Irish National Anthem. The objection to it in Ireland is founded on reason as well as on sentiment. Neither words nor music have æsthetic value, and yet Ireland possesses many beautiful and patriotic old airs which hurt none of our sensibilities, artistic or political. It must be supposed, then, that the Soldiers' Song was selected merely for the sake of its associations. But these associations belong only to a short and recent episode of Irish history, and to definitions of Irish nationality which are still the subject of party warfare.

## CANCER

IF we exclude that miscellaneous assortment of disorders statistically known as diseases of the heart, cancer is now the most potent scourge of civilization, accounting for one-tenth of our total deaths. Among mortal diseases it stands out through the possession of two characteristics—its inevitable fatality if left alone, and its general curability if early diagnosed and efficiently treated. It is agreed that the most important factor in the cure of cancer is that of early diagnosis. It is largely owing to the late stage at which so many



operations for cancer are performed that popular confidence in the effectiveness of the surgeon's knife is so blended with doubt. A recognized authority, speaking on this point a year or two ago, said: "Every surgeon of any experience is aware that, as regards its accessibility to treatment, early cancer is a totally different disease from even moderately advanced cancer, but I am very doubtful as to whether we shall be able to enforce the fact by direct statement so long as the treatment of advanced cases furnishes the public with so many terrible object-lessons in the apparent intractability of the disease."

It has been said that four people out of five who believe themselves to be suffering from cancer have, in fact, no trace of it. Unfortunately, owing to the panic which the word inspires, there is a common reluctance, both among those who falsely suspect themselves to be affected and those who have real manifestations of early malignancy, to ascertain the truth about themselves. It cannot be said that we have much more definite knowledge of the nature and causation of cancer than we had ten years ago; so that treatment remains necessarily empiric. At the same time, both diagnosis and efficiency of treatment have advanced, and are advancing, though neither the community nor the individual member of the public makes use, to anything like their full extent, of the new possibilities. Seeing how general is the knowledge that cancer is to be successfully attacked only in its early stages, it is scarcely creditable to our intelligence or courage that there is no widespread demand for information as to the signs and symptoms which should lead a person to suspect its onset. It is strange, also, that authorities concerned with the public health have done so little to tell people how important is the part which they might play in their own protection.

Unfortunately, with all the will in the world, we cannot yet recognize the earliest stages of cancer, because we do not know what to look for, and symptoms may be non-existent. Still, it is a conservative assumption that if every cancer were discovered and efficiently dealt with even at the earliest stage recognizable by our present-day diagnostic methods, the mortality might be reduced by one-half, probably by, much more. Professor Martin Haudek, of Vienna, speaking at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association the other week, voiced a general experience when he said that "in the history of the cancer patient we usually hear of symptoms which have already existed, treated or untreated, for a considerable number of months; but at the same time we find such an advanced stage of carcinoma that we would have been quite able to diagnose the condition many months earlier."

It is an ironic misfortune that pain, which the public commonly assumes to accompany all malignant growth, is nearly always absent until the growth has become advanced. Cancer may, indeed, progress even to the incurable stage without giving rise to pain at all. It is therefore the more urgent that the widest publicity should be given to the signs and symptoms which may justly give rise to suspicion—any abnormal lump, however small and however painless, any sore which does not quickly heal, any unnatural discharge of blood, persistent indigestion first arising in middle-age, and so on. These are just the kind of things which people frequently brush aside as transitory and unimportant—as, of course, they often and deceptively are. There is every reason to believe that cancer is, at the beginning, a truly local disease; and it is almost in proportion to its localization that success in treatment may be reasonably expected. When the old text-book symptoms—pain, wasting, cachexia, and obvious tumour—have shown themselves, it is rare indeed that surgeon or physician can do much to help.

But even for the intelligent, well-informed and courageous individual, alert to recognize suspicious manifestations and prompt to seek expert advice and treatment, how unsatisfactory is our provision. Cancer is so serious a disease and its incidence is so widespread, that in discussing it anything less than plain speaking and candour are inexcusable. The first fact that needs to be clearly stated is that the average doctor is not competent, nor is he adequately equipped, to diagnose cancer at the curable stage. The second fact is that, owing to the introduction of new methods of treatment, the curative problem is no longer a matter of certain standard routine operations, and therefore is not one which can safely be entrusted to the isolated and unattached surgeon, however competent a craftsman he may be. We have not to deal with ideal circumstances, but with things and individuals as they are; and, although hundreds of practitioners in this country, with keen minds and zealous characters, have kept themselves abreast of advancing knowledge and know how and when best to use the services of available experts in the interest of their patients, these men are in a lamentable minority.

If we are seriously to tackle this problem, many slabs of professional etiquette and vested interest will have to be thrown overboard. The diagnosis of cancer has become a sufficiently specialist matter to call for the establishment in every populous centre of cancer-clinics to which a practitioner may send his patient for a thorough overhauling and report; to which, moreover, with or without the payment of a reasonable fee proportionate to his means, everyone might go when he suspected even the remotest possibility of malignant trouble. These clinics might well be dissociate from actual treatment. Their function would be to make a diagnosis of the presence or absence of cancer; in every case, to inform not only the patient's doctor but also the patient himself of the findings, and to indicate the next step to be taken to secure prompt and effective treatment. Many doctors will resent what they will regard as a further invasion of their legitimate territory; but the more able and the more conscientious will welcome such a strengthening of the organized forces in whose ranks they fight. It is to the ordinary practitioner that the average man will still first look for advice when the possibility of danger strikes him. Except among the substantially well-to-do and among the poor in the big cities, the conscientious practitioner with a suspicion which he can neither resolve nor confirm to his satisfaction is faced with a problem which to-day is almost insoluble.

QUAERO

## WOMEN AT GENEVA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

MEN golfers look upon the L.G.U. with admiration not unmixed with awe. They alternate between thanking a merciful Providence that their game has not been subjected to the rule of an autocratic and almost omnipotent Union, and bemoaning the absence of a central body which would do for them what has been so well done for women golfers. At first glance it may appear that the Ladies' Golf Union and the International Federation of University Women, upon whose recent conference at Geneva it is the purpose of this article to comment, have little or nothing in common. A second and more prolonged investigation shows that the motive force of both organizations is the appreciation by the modern woman of a simple fact. Margaret Bondfield said recently, at a luncheon given to the women Members of Parliament, that

she owed her position, not to any merit of her own, but to the united efforts of many thousands of humble workers whose names would never be known to fame. One may disagree with the promptings of Miss Bondfield's modesty, while admitting the underlying truth of her statement. Certain it is that women as a sex, whether it be in politics, in the golfing world or in the realm of intellect, have grasped the true inwardness of the Trade Union movement—the power of unity.

At Geneva, between the 7th and 14th of this month, some five hundred women, drawn from more than thirty different races and representing over forty-five thousand of their sex scattered about in every quarter of the globe, gathered together. These women met and talked; and they listened. They debated certain subjects; they voted on others. They dined and wine (in moderation) and although the waiting may have been faulty—the strange psychology of the waiter prevents him from being at his best at a feminine banquet—the gaiety on these occasions at any rate did not suffer. Many new international friendships were formed. Many old ones were renewed. Australia and Iceland shared a room, symbol of the international spirit of the I.F.U.W. and of the shortage of accommodation in Geneva.

Now that this gathering has dispersed, it is possible to form an estimate of what has been accomplished. In the first place, the Conference was primarily an intellectual and not a feminist meeting. It was inevitable that some of the resolutions covered ground generally traversed by feminist groups, but the real preoccupation of the Conference was with the interests of the intellectual world as a whole. This was well illustrated at one sitting, which was devoted to the examination of that serious problem, the Unemployment of Intellectual Workers. A paper was read by M. Fuss, chief of the Unemployment Section of the International Labour Office. This paper was followed by a discussion which displayed a breadth of view that has in fact pervaded the whole of the deliberations of the Federation.

A resolution passed by the Delegates' Meeting regarding secondary education is another example of the university woman's standpoint. It affirmed the belief of the Conference that education should aim, not at an accumulation of facts nor at a mere training for a profession, but at giving a solid foundation of knowledge and developing habits of clear thinking, intellectual interests and strength of character. To the observer, however, the most striking side of the International Federation's work is that which aims at the creation of Fellowships for the assistance of intellectual women in research. It is quite obvious that an organization of intellectual workers must be an impecunious organization, and yet this Federation has in its ten years' existence awarded twenty-two Fellowships, each of the value of several hundreds of pounds. The Fellowships as a rule bear with them the condition that the research work must be carried out in a country other than the Fellow's own. This method of helping feminine research and of promoting international understanding seems an excellent one. The self-sacrifice and idealism involved in financing these Fellowships form a striking example of the united effort to which Miss Margaret Bondfield alluded when she so modestly explained her position as the first woman Cabinet Minister in Great Britain.

It is impossible to imagine an Association of University Men in the same way as it is impossible seriously to imagine a union of golfing men. But this is not to say that the feminine organizations are not excellent and much needed institutions. The fact that women organize and men do not merely illustrates the fact that women and men will always go differently to work.

## DOPED

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS is not an essay but an apology. I cannot write anything—I have been doped. The whole thing has been done very quietly, very neatly, very thoroughly. About a fortnight ago a certain woman left instructions, to the effect that, after buying such and such gramophone records, assembling a number of small articles that had been forgotten, and then carefully locking up the house, I must catch the train known as the Atlantic Coast Express. A car would be waiting for me at my destination, and this car would take me to the remote villa now serving as the headquarters of the—er—gang. All this happened. The woman herself was waiting at the little seaside station. At the villa, two or three miles away, I found the whole gang installed. And now I am in their power. They are doping me. I cannot write; I cannot think; I cannot answer letters; I can hardly talk. Oh, I know!—people think these things cannot happen in this England of ours, except of course in the works of "Sapper" and his kind; but they are wrong; decent fellows, writers of "middles" for weekly Reviews, are being doped right and left this very day; I know I am not the only one. These gangs—for the most part, I am sorry to say, led by women—are operating all round the coast.

I must explain what happens here. But first I must point out that "here" is a remote place on the North coast of Cornwall, and that there is not a policeman for miles, and that all the people in the neighbourhood appear to be engaged in this doping business. Every morning the gang packs itself into a car, together with a pile of implements, strange garments, and baskets of food. The woman then cries to me, "Are you ready?" and I mumble, in my drugged voice, that I am, and I go shambling out into the road. The woman then asks me to wait a minute—a habit of hers—and spends the next half-hour keeping me waiting while she talks to the domestic staff. (The fact that she can do this, leaving me in the road unguarded, only shows how powerless I am now.) Then we walk down the road, past the church and the four cottages, cross the main road at the bottom by the railway bridge, and climb the little hill at the other side, going through the field with sheep in it, the field with cows, the field full of barley. This brings us almost to the sea's edge. We scramble down a cliff and finally arrive in a sort of tiny cove, in which all the garments and baskets of food have been deposited. The gang is at work there, being engaged in some mysterious engineering business with sand and pools and big pebbles. (Is this part of some Bolshevik plot or something to do with an international gang of crooks?) Very often I am compelled to assist in this engineering work.

Then I am forced to take off my clothes (in a little place just round the corner) and put on a flimsy blue garment. The woman and the gang have also taken off their clothes—such clothes as they condescend to wear, for they are a shameless crowd—and have donned garments similar



to mine, only much brighter and prettier. I am then compelled, such is my ignominious state, to blow up a gigantic and incredible indiarubber duck, after which the whole lot of us go charging into the water, where we scream and splash and have a kind of tournament with the huge Atlantic rollers. After that we lie about in the sun, just like the rich people who have queer nicknames and are always being photographed by the illustrated weeklies. Then we eat piles and piles of sandwiches, and salad out of teacups, and sometimes we run races for pieces of chocolate. This kind of thing goes on for hours, during which the salty air swirls round us, the sun burns in the blue, and the sparkle of the sea dazzles our eyes. It is very pleasant, of course; it is delightful; but what is the result? When I get back to the villa, after walking down the three fields and up the road past the church, in time for a late tea, all I can do is to lie upon a sofa and smoke my pipe in a dazed fashion. The rest of the day drifts past like a dream. I am now free to work, to think, to plan, but I can do nothing.

The gang does not care, because it has gone to bed to put in a solid twelve hours' sleep. The woman does not care. Indeed, she is wicked enough to gloat over me, pointing various changes in my appearance, the marks of my shameful state, just as if I were a joint of meat in an oven or a meerschaum pipe she was colouring. All I can do is to stretch myself out and, in a cloud of smoke, dreamily sketch plots for novels and plays that I know will never be written. I am not really using my brains. They have been put to sleep. The moment I come to any difficulty in these shadowy plots, I abandon them and turn to others, equally if not more shadowy. I have no real ideas about anything in my head. How could I have? Sun and air are the ruin of thought and literature, as I have pointed out before. (And if I had not pointed this out before, I could not do it now—such is my condition.) Nothing worth reading has ever come out of the great open spaces. The stuffer the age, the better the literature. I will wager that Shakespeare never even took a walk. "Come out, Will," they cried; but he shook his head, closed the window, and piled the sea coal on the fire. Young poets, fellows like Shelley and Byron, might be able to spend their time in the open air and then turn out a few good verses; but that was because they were young and not easily drugged by sunlight. The Victorians produced an astonishing mass of good writing, and was there ever a set of people more concerned about avoiding draughts and wearing thick underclothing? We have now reached another open-air age, when people are wearing next to nothing, spending their holidays in tents and caravans, and for ever playing games, bathing, and rushing about in the open. And what is the result? Hardly a glimpse of solid literature; nothing but piles of detective stories.

That is all I can read, now that I am thoroughly doped. I lie back on my sofa and dip into murders. The only questions that interest me are these: *If Sir Joseph was shot between 9.25 and 9.50, why was the light in his study flashed on at 10.15? Where was the other shoe? How is it there are no finger-prints round the edge of the box? If death was not almost*

instantaneous and caused by a knife wound or inflicted by some heavy blunt instrument, I have no interest in it. The idea of a live baronet is insupportable. I pass my evenings in a world where the people are ghosts; but the things they drop—and they are always dropping things, such as cigarette-holders, revolvers, pencils, notebooks, knives, and cloaks—loom like mountains. I might as well be on the staff of Scotland Yard and have done with it. Though I was never able to discover who stole the bottles of sherry and the two pound notes from my own house, I can spot diabolically clever murderers whole chapters away. Show me a millionaire dead in a library, with nothing but half a finger-print to help me, and I will find you the fellow within a dozen pages. But life and literature are nothing but the vaguest of dreams. I have been doped too well.

That is why I have nothing to offer but an apology. If the sun keeps on breaking through the clouds, there will probably be nothing at all from me next week. Give me a few really wet days, preferably cold so that there is an excuse for having a fire and closing all the windows, and I may struggle back to some sort of thoughtful existence. But if this routine of dope does not break down, until I catch that Atlantic Coast express back again there will be nothing from me but a few gapes and yawns and some strange babbling about clues.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

### DEMOCRACY AND ART

SIR,—For everything there is a price to be paid. The most happily married people have paid for their happiness with their freedom. Those who climb to high positions sacrifice much that simple folk enjoy. Stay-at-homes lose the fun of seeing fresh places. Travellers cannot cultivate their gardens. So, if we keep to our resolve to regard Democracy as the least objectionable of forms of government, we must be ready to pay the price for it. Part of that price is that we cannot under present conditions have both Democracy and Art.

This is being illustrated just now by the dispute about the Haig statue and by the failure of all attempts to prevent the Dean of Westminster from tacking a horrible robing-room for clergymen on to Westminster Abbey. Here is an outrage which gives pain to every person with an architectural sense. The mass of people, the mass of M.P.s, are indifferent, unprovoked. So the crime against a lovely building will be perpetrated. No one will interfere, as no one cried "Hands off" to the Lord Grimthorpe who ruined St. Albans Cathedral.

Those are illustrations of Democracy declining to protect our heritage of beauty. The Haig statue controversy shows how the mob claims right to prevent our public memorials being such as future ages will look at with pleasure. When I write this about future ages I am not supposing that the mass will ever be more sensitive to noble forms and harmonious proportions than it is to-day. But the respect to be paid to Art from the past is decided



not by the Many, but by a Few. The Many derided Whistler and Rodin. They were charmed by Leader's tea-tray landscapes and Marcus Stone's chocolate-box inanities. Now these once highly-priced masterpieces can be bought for a few shillings a foot, while what a Few said about Rodin and Whistler goes unchallenged. Eventually opinion based on educated taste is bound to triumph. That is some comfort when we reflect that the Dean's monstrosity can be pulled down as soon as the victory is accomplished. But mob ignorance and stupidity may make it impossible for a decent statue ever to be set up.

For a mob is a mob whether it is composed of generals or greengrocers: dull and ignorant persons have as often as not handles to their names. What dullness and ignorance demand, when a statue is to be erected, will always be a "speaking likeness." In the recent past most sculptors have been browbeaten into compliance with that desire and have provided (with their tongues in their cheeks, I hope) the absurdities which occupy pedestals in most of our public places. This kind of statuary has no more connexion with Art than market reports have with Literature. Nothing fit to be called a work of art can be created save as the result of impulse, of imaginative emotion. And when we do succeed in getting a commission awarded to an artist instead of a monumental mason, the air is filled with angry cries.

The real grievance at the back of the protests by soldiers and friends of the Field-Marshal is not difficult to discern. They feel that the design accepted is not "gentlemanly." They want a trim, waisted, debonaire figure, with every strap and buckle in its right place, every button and chevron correct. They want a horse clipped and combed out of all semblance to nature, something between a park hack and a lady's hunter, not a fighting's man's horse at all.

Democracy of the British type assumes that in Art one man's opinion is as good as another. That is, of course, nonsense; each generation in turn proves it to be nonsense. For, as I have pointed out already, the fatuity of popular taste does not endure. What delights one age is despised by the next. We make fun of the statues which our fathers admired. The Albert Memorial has long been a national joke. This puzzles Frenchmen, who cannot understand either how it came to be built or why, having permitted its erection, the British nation now jeers at it. In France they wear their democracy with a difference. They admit that judgment in Art is as much a matter of training and temperament as the ability to design a building or construct a bridge. They have a Ministry of Fine Arts which stands no interference from either generals or greengrocers: its authority is not denied. We shall never, unless our national character changes, attain to that degree of modesty which recognizes the value of cultivated taste. We shall always hold that a man who has never looked at great sculpture is as well entitled as those who have given their lives to the study of it to decide whether a statue is good or bad.

What can we do then? Grin and bear it? Or is there a means of getting decent statues (if we want them) and at the same time letting the mob have their "speaking likenesses"? Yes, I think there is. Let us devote the Crystal Palace or the Alexandra Palace to the purpose of a Pantheon (for the gods of the hour). To it let us send the greater number of the effigies which deface the streets of London: other cities must look after themselves. And let us add to their number whenever there pass away people whose merits call for commemoration in this kind. Let us charge sixpence for admission to this Chamber of Horrors so that it may in part, at any rate, support itself. And when an artist in stone or clay feels moved to make a figure for a public place, we need not be deterred from buying it by any clamour of

the unknowing multitude. At the end of twenty or thirty years the interest in the "speaking likenesses" will have evaporated. They can be removed and ground to powder, others will take their place. Meanwhile we shall be adding slowly to the tale of noble and beautiful monuments elsewhere.

That seems to me a fair compromise, fair to both Democracy and Art.

I am, etc.,

HAMILTON FYFE

*Bessel's Green, near Sevenoaks*

#### THE PRICE OF LAW AND JOURNALISM

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Archibald Gibbs interests me. I was rather surprised by your suggestion that "the ordinary competent writer" got ten guineas a column even when well paid. Even allowing for the difference between pre-war and present rates, however, Mr. Gibbs's remuneration appears to have been low. I said, by the way, that mine had "not exceeded" £4 4s. a column, but as a matter of fact it has not been less than at the rate of £2 2s. a column.

To test the point, after reading 'The Price of Justice' I wrote three articles. One, taking three-quarters of an hour to write, was a little over half a column on a certain sport. It has been accepted and published, and I shall in due course get about £2 2s. for it. Another, on a subject of general interest, was about a column, took two-and-a-half hours, and is still "out." It may eventually sell. The third, of about 500 words, took about half an hour, and is also "out." It is technical, but might possibly sell. The trouble about free-lance journalism is not the rate of pay but the difficulty of sale.

When considering the relative rates of pay for journalism and law it is necessary to remember the overhead charges for salaries, rent, rates, etc., which a solicitor pays, and the five years' articles and heavy expense of qualifying. Also the liability for negligence.

I am, etc.,

"A SOLICITOR"

#### A DEFENCE OF FASCISM

SIR,—The author of the editorial paragraph on the escape of Sig. Carlo Rosselli and his companions in your issue of the 17th has succeeded in concentrating more inaccuracies to the square inch than I should have deemed possible. I trust you will allow me to point out a few. First, Sig. Turati was not threatened with the fate of Giacomo Matteotti. Secondly, Matteotti was not a professor, but a millionaire landlord who during the war had conducted an active pro-Austrian propaganda. Thirdly, it is utterly untrue that the vast majority of the persons deported to the islands "have never had any form of trial" or are "ignorant of the delinquencies which have incurred the Fascist wrath" (I am not responsible for the peculiar grammar); they have been tried by a tribunal presided over by the prefect who is the highest authority in the province and according to regular procedure. Fourthly, so say that the deportees are "guarded by 400 Fascists" is nonsense; members of the Fascist party can no more guard prisoners or deported persons than they can collect taxes or teach in the elementary schools unless they have qualified for these various activities. Fifthly, to compare Fascism with Bolshevism and the Lipari Islands with Siberia is—but I am afraid that the really adequate epithet is unprintable. Here is a description of Lipari:

On the east coast a town of considerable size rises up in a double amphitheatre on the two slopes of a promontory crowned by an old castle. A plain, well cultivated with olives, orange trees, and vineyards, which give excellent

produce, spreads round the town; the declivities of the surrounding mountains are themselves covered with cultivated fields almost to their summits.

This description is not by an Italian Fascist, but translated from Elysée Reclus's '*Nouvelle géographie universelle*.'

The fact that the statements on the episode have already been published in the Press of various countries is no evidence of their veracity, as your contributor seems to think, seeing that they all emanate from the same source. On the contrary, as we know from the complete *démentis* published in *The Times*, *Daily News* and other papers that at least one of the assertions contained in Sig. Rosselli's story—that concerning the arrest of his wife—is a fabrication, there are good reasons to doubt the others.

It may be news to your contributor that the great majority of the persons deported to the islands are not persons condemned for political offences, but persons engaged in the cocaine traffic, in the "white slave" traffic, cardsharps, usurers, doctors and midwives concerned with illicit operations, and others whom even the most rabid anti-Fascists would hardly regard as desirable members of society. It should be added that these offenders are deported not to Lipari or Ponza, but to other less agreeable islands.

I am, etc.,

LUIGI VILLARI

3 Palmer Street, S.W.1

[We do not propose to split hairs with Signor Villari. The Fascist interpretation of such words as trials and arrests is notoriously different from that of other countries. We maintain, of course, that Madame Rosselli was arrested. We did not compare Fascism with Bolshevism; our comparison, as Signor Villari must have realized if he had read our Note carefully, was with pre-war Russia. Obviously our information regarding the deportations did not come from Fascist sources; neither did it come entirely from anti-Fascist Italians; there is a wealth of evidence among the Tyrolese and Slovenes to prove that our description was not exaggerated.—ED. S.R.]

(Other letters are unavoidably held over)

## THE THEATRE

### MR. SHAW'S SOUR APPLES

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Apple Cart.* By G. Bernard Shaw. Malvern Theatre.

**M**R. SHAW was certainly unlucky in the date of the English production of his new political comedy. The supposed fun of the affair lies in the spectacle of a Labour Cabinet thirty years on, and this Cabinet is mainly composed of hysterical bores, petulant nobodies, beery grafters, and whiskered pantaloons. At the moment when even the most conservative opinion is relishing the drive, vigour, and national spirit of the new Labour Government, poor Sir Barry Jackson has to wheel out this apple-cart crew and pretend that they are the last word in social criticism delivered by the master-dramatist of our time. Not long ago Mr. Max Beerbohm made a similar mistake by cartooning a Labour foreign minister as a loutish hobbledohoy speaking "Parly-voo" French. When it was pointed out to "Max" that his self-chosen exile in Rapallo was causing him to lose touch, and that Labour could find, if it chose, more experts on foreign affairs than any other party, he withdrew his old drawing and offered an amended and admirable version. Mr. Shaw is not likely to re-write his play to suit the occasion, but his collection of

grotesques who masquerade in musical-comedy uniforms as the democratic statesmen of 1960 is so fantastic as to be tiresome. A political cartoon must have some relevance to the facts; truth in jesting is both stranger and stronger than travesty. Mr. Shaw's idea of a Labour leader is not even "Uncle Arthur," it is just Aunt Sally.

This collection of fair-ground dummies and targets is quarrelling with the English monarch, King Magnus. Mr. Shaw takes Magnus in long-winded earnest. He is a type of philosopher-king, charming, witty, serious and, beneath an air of casual pleasantries, determined. He believes that he is more fit to govern than his Ministers and is resolved to exercise the royal veto when it pleases him. Some of Mr. Shaw's observations on Italy and Russia have shown him to be sympathetic to dictatorship, but he does not in this play run Magnus as a Mussolini. Merely to play an occasional hand with his veto as the ace of trumps is apparently all that Magnus demands, and the quiet, reflective fellow that Mr. Cedric Hardwicke made of this philosopher-king was quite free from Napoleonic gestures and royal thundering of the great "I am." That is a serious weakness in the play. Magnus is held up as the admirable contrast to the Labour crew of dithering and jobbing politicians who mean to abolish his veto in the name of the People, but he gives no signs of positive and practical statesmanship. He delivers an excellent lecture on the inaccuracy of applying the word "responsibility" to a form of Ministerial government which usually means shuffling responsibility on to somebody else, fiddling about with enquiries and commissions, and hiding behind permanent officials. So far, so good; but we get no farther. Magnus never declares his policy, never says how far, if at all, he intends to go as the Tyrant-Hero; he merely pricks the bubble of republican rhetoric by offering to abdicate and stand as M.P. for Windsor so that he can meet his opponents on an equal footing. At this menace of facing the philosopher as an equal in Parliament instead of as an inferior in the Palace the democrats surrender. There is no more talk of the ultimatum which will abolish the royal veto.

So Magnus, as a political idea, falls between two thrones. He dislikes being a rubber-stamp; he does not demand to be Dictator. He merely aims, it seems, at being a slightly unconstitutional monarch, in which position, as any observer of political history can see, he will be only a nuisance causing crises to recur with the tiresome iteration of decimals. The settlement at the end of the piece settles nothing; rather it ensures a perpetuity of fuss and friction. Mr. Shaw, on the evidence of this play, has stopped thinking about politics. There may be a future issue in England between democracy and dictatorship, but the dictator is not going to come from the Palace. The idea of renewed bickerings about small matters of "prerogative" is nonsense; King Charles I will certainly not leave his plinth in Whitehall and ride that remarkable horse of his to Windsor. The far more likely issue is prolonged guerilla warfare between the elected person and the permanent official. If Mr. Shaw had made Magnus an able and obstinate civil servant with a high contempt for Parliament and determined to rule by administrative orders he would have staged a reality. As it is, King Magnus is only an attractive conversationist engaged on heaving sour apples at the democratic Aunt Sallies.

It is inevitable that one should discuss the play in terms of political theory. The greater part of it is a Socratic dialogue with the philosopher-king leading the Labour innocents up the garden of dialectic. Mr. Shaw can, of course, mix mischief and mockery with brilliance as of old. Now and again he tumbles into the cheapest of music-hall humours, but presumably he does this on purpose, thinking to gild



the theoretic pill with the back-chat beloved of pantomimic comedians. There are two inserted episodes, one of which shows him at his best in political burlesque. An American Ambassador comes to announce America's decision to seek re-entry into the British Empire. Since America by this time owns all property and leads all fashions, the conqueror may as well enjoy the cream of the joke by seeking Dominion Status under the old rival. Mr. Shaw can deliciously embroider such a fancy as this; the fancy, moreover, is effective because it is rooted in a fact. I would like to have seen far more of Mr. James Carew, who played the American envoy with discretion, and rather less of the Aunt Sallies; for ten minutes G. B. S. was himself again. The other interlude shows King Magnus visiting a tempestuous siren called Orinthia, the spectacle of whose emotional chauvinism, he, as a theorist of sovereignty, can really enjoy. The lady, who naturally wants to annex a crowned admirer and is eager to save him from the dull, devoted Queen Jemima, carries her advances so far as to grab the royal arm and refuse to leave go. He endeavours to break away; she only holds on harder and they are both discovered by a secretary rolling on the floor together. Playgoers can read what personal history or philosophic symbolism they like into this twenty minutes of love in a palace; or they can just yawn. Miss Edith Evans and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke do their best to prevent the latter. But it is up-hill work.

However, one need not be bored by 'The Apple Cart' as a whole, though occasional exasperation must be taken for granted. The basis of Mr. Shaw's dialectic is flimsy in this case, and there is a dangerous confusion of values because Magnus is a product of serious reflection wandering about in an atmosphere of hearty ragging. But in every discussion that Mr. Shaw ever wrote or will write, you can rely on finding something unique; here, perhaps, a passage on the meaning of ritual, there a ten-line diagnosis of some social pest which is perfect in concise sagacity. Most of the actors have a long session of silent thought, since King Magnus does most of the talking. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, no longer condemned to be the wrinkled grey-beard, makes a tremendous success of the suave, middle-aged king, bringing to the part an easy eloquence, a gentle wit, and just the slight sense of pathos that hangs about all men condemned to converse with their mental inferiors. Meanwhile the Birmingham Repertory Company sits patiently around the monarch as they who get slapped. This team of Aunt Sallies is well led by Mr. Charles Carson and Mr. Matthew Boulton; as the lady-ministers Miss Eileen Beldon had a chance and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore, alas, had none. The whole affair will go better and more briskly by the time it reaches London. It needs cutting, but Mr. Shaw will never agree to that. All the same, there is that fable about the bad apples spoiling the good, and 'The Apple Cart' carries mixed cargo.

## ART

### NEW PORTRAITS

BY WALTER BAYES

THE recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery are not uninteresting though rarely of very fine and sometimes of quite deplorable artistic quality. It is easy to counter criticism on this score with the plea that the functions of the Gallery are historic rather than artistic, but, to take an individual case, the eminence of Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire (Lady Betty Foster) scarcely justifies the inclusion of the large and thoroughly common portrait by J. W. Chandler, while if we come to "post-

photographic" times, when obviously a painting has no claim to be a unique record, we must protest even more vigorously at the inclusion of the portraits of Viscount Haldane and the Fifth Marquess of Lansdowne. One does not desire to see a photographic section introduced into the National Portrait Gallery, but, after all, decent photographs would be much more reputable.

The portrait of Mrs. Pankhurst is only better is the negative sense of being less blatant. It is a pity, when historically the claims of the individuals portrayed are undeniable, that their appearance cannot be recorded in some fashion more modest, more succinct, and making less claim on the space in the gallery. The drawings made by the late Sidney P. Hall during the Parnell Commission are many of them admirable in this regard, and it is nothing short of disastrous that this fruitful source of historic record should have dried up by the universal use of the camera in modern illustrated journalism. Professor Rothenstein, it is true, has in somewhat more official fashion constituted himself a universal recorder of the contemporary great, and the 'Sir Edmund Gosse' which he presents to the Portrait Gallery is a fine, sensitive drawing, a model of what such things should be. In homelier, less ambitious mood, and by a draughtsman, of rather less refinement, the 'Richard Tattersall' by "J. C. B." is a quite satisfactory purchase, and there is a fine Millais drawing of F. G. Stephens, the *Athenæum* critic.

To the painting of Charles Reade in an elaborately realized Victorian interior no artistic objection need be raised; it may be a little amateurish, but it is sincere and sympathetic and its qualities are germane to historic record. The Gallery is the richer for it. Even the larger and more dubious acquisition which (also by gift from Mr. T. Chatto) commemorates "Besant and Rice" has a saving modesty.

Artistically, perhaps, Hone's portrait of Kitty Fisher shows the high-water mark of this not very impressive collection—together with a vigorous Thomas Coram attributed to Allan Ramsay. Miss Catherine Fisher is shown as demurely innocent and domesticated—only the episode of the cat pawing after the goldfish in the bowl suggesting her relationship to the gold-diggers of our own day. Thomas Coram, "philanthropist," on the other hand, looks as though he had had a highly-coloured past before addressing himself to sanctity, and it must be admitted that this is refreshing in a gallery wherein the inhabitants, except for an occasional peppery admiral, tend to smugness. We might reasonably ask that the National Portrait Gallery should offer, as it were, a microcosm of racial characteristics, and from this point of view it must be admitted that it shows at present a deplorable shortage of capable rascality. No race could have built up an empire like ours without the services of a really picturesque band of genial blackguards who deserve their place in history. I am not complaining that this or that buccaneer is unrepresented. I deplore not the absence of individual portraits, but the neglect of a type. Let the Directors look to it that we be not shamed by a collection complete on paper but bawdier to the eye. It may be that among divines we may make good.

### BROADCASTING

THE performance of Shakespeare's 'King Henry VIII' was impressive. There were some slips, of the kind that need not be found in a broadcast play where a script can be perpetually at hand—slips of tongue and boggling over scansion. But on the whole the lines were well enunciated. The part of Katharine was moving to listen to. Henry had a slightly forced sound, the result being almost that of a foreigner's English. Wolsey's fall was effectively



done, though it would have been even more effective had the earlier part been built up to a greater dignity. The play had been arranged for broadcasting, which evidently caused two kinds of remodelling: the transposition of certain scenes and the interpolation of sentences, generally at the beginning of a scene, explanatory of time, place or persons engaged. This was generally done tactfully, but a few studio "effects" (of which there were hardly any in this performance) would have done the trick better. An instance of this occurred in the second scene of the third act. Henry has rebuked Wolsey and handed him the incriminating papers. The moment is charged with meaning:

Read o'er this;  
And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

Wolsey's next words: "What should this mean?" ought to follow directly on the King's stormy exit followed by the smiling, whispering nobles, and have no spurious lines inserted before them. Here, surely, was a point where judicious alteration would have been welcome.

\*

A little while ago there was broadcast a talk describing a day in a policeman's existence, which showed a nice knowledge of life and character, besides bringing to light some unusual aspects of London's activities. Of the same kind, and equally interesting, was Mr. Harry Firman's talk on Monday about the queer Sunday markets in Notting Dale, Petticoat Lane and Club Row. I much enjoyed this, and I liked the way Mr. Firman put things: humorous but never trying to be funny, touching but never maudlin. Cannot he take us through London's doss-houses and along the Embankment in another talk? He does this sort of thing better than most.

\*

Wireless listeners are continually being assaulted by fresh enthusiasms: they never know from which quarter the next attack will come. It may be that fifteen minutes is set aside on the day's programme for a "Talk," *tout court*. Since you do not know if this is a good or bad item you have got to give it a fair trial. I found, after a few sentences of such a "talk" (having missed the announcement), that the subject was 'Stamps,' one which I have always disliked, though realizing its worth as a means of disseminating geographical and political knowledge among schoolboys. This speaker made his subject interesting, even amusing. One lives and learns—that such a *menu plaisir* could resolve itself into a breathless chase after forgeries!

\*

Broadcasts during this week include the following. Monday: Dr. Thomas Gann on 'In Search of a Treasure Temple in Central America' (2LO), Mr. W. L. Calderwood on the World Jamboree (Scotland). Tuesday: Sir Napier Shaw on 'The Weather and the Farmer,' Mr. Francis Birrell on 'The Art of Letter Writing' (2LO), the Rev. F. W. Marshall on 'The Ulster Dialect' (Belfast), Mr. P. Ingress Bell on 'The Decay of Manners' (North of England), Wednesday: Mr. Leonard Woolley on 'The Royal Tombs and the Flood' (2LO), Massenet's 'Werther' (5GB). Thursday: Mr. Peter Latham on 'What is a Good Song?' (2LO), Mr. Herbert S. Carter on 'Sidelights on Smuggling' (Bournemouth), Mr. Lyndon Harries on 'The Parson and his Wife' (Cardiff), Friday: Mr. W. H. Jones on 'The Iron Master at Dowlais' (Cardiff), Saturday: Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe on 'Ghost Lore' (North of England).

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—182

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. *Reviewing the performances of the Golden Arrow, the Bremen and the Zeppelin, and in anticipation of the Schneider Cup race, this is an age of velocity. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet upon the subject of Speed.*

B. *The usual nonsense is being written about the emptiness of London in August. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-lined rhymed Epigram upon this supposed state of the capital.*

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 182a, or LITERARY 182b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on Monday, September 2. The results will be announced in the issue of September 7.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 180

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in the manner of Hilaire Belloc's 'Cautionary Tales,' beginning with the two lines:*

The only fault of Reuben Brown  
Was knocking aged spinsters down.

*Competitors are limited to twenty-four lines.*

B. *August in this country is generally recognized as the holiday month. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than three hundred words in length entitled 'My Ideal Holiday.' Competitors can give the freest scope to their imagination.*

### REPORT FROM MR. POPE

180A. This has proved to be at the same time one of the most popular and (on the whole) one of the most disappointing competitions that I have ever set. Many of the entries induce the reflection that Mr. Belloc, as a writer of light verse, possesses a style which may rightly be described as inimitable. Some of the competitors, disregarding my instructions, made no reference to Reuben Brown at all: others so misconceived my intention as to make him a motorist. It is probably true that in the lives of some motorists the knocking down of aged spinsters is a by no means unusual occurrence, but it may, I think, be assumed that it is the result of accident rather than of design. Faulty rhymes were plentiful. Here are two examples:

The Press and public talked a lot  
And said the outrage must be stopped.  
He oft upset the Cook, Maria,  
And tried to throw her in the Fire.

Pibwob approaches very nearly the Bellocian standard in his opening lines:

"It shows," his mother proudly said,  
"My boy is so high-spirited."  
Although his father used to add,  
"You do it clumsily, my lad.  
You ought to aim at being neat,  
When felling ladies in the street."

This is admirable, but the poem rapidly declines upon a lower level. Commendation is due to the Rev. W. J. B. Scott (whose otherwise excellent entry is marred by a weak and halting last line), Ludentes, Leopold Spero, Mrs. M. Robinson, Pithacanthropus, H. C. M., Valimus, James Hall and Doris Elles. The first prize goes to George van Raalte and the second to Quinquévir (name, please!), whose rhyming of "occasions" with "relations" I am disposed to condone for the sake of the remainder.

#### FIRST PRIZE

The only fault of Reuben Brown  
Was knocking aged spinsters down.  
He loved to hear their timid squeal,  
And see their look of soft appeal;  
And wept with joy to watch them flutter,  
On muggy mornings, in the gutter.  
And in this not unhealthy pleasure  
He spent his frequent hours of leisure—  
Till came a day when Spinster Fate  
Decided to retaliate.  
A lady sauntered close ahead:  
He caught her up with wary tread,  
And sent her sprawling on the earth.  
His eyes grew dim with tears of mirth.  
They cleared; and there before him lay,  
Among wet leaves and liquid clay,  
The richest of the rich relations  
On whom he based his expectations,  
His Aunt! She turned, she saw, she knew!  
In blind and nervous haste he flew,  
And slipped beneath a passing 'bus:  
His death was instantaneous.

Two morals, Reader, here are shown.  
"Don't knock a lady down" is one;  
The next, if you'd avoid a shock,  
Is simply: "Look before you knock."

GEORGE VAN RAALTE

#### SECOND PRIZE

The only fault of Reuben Brown  
Was knocking aged spinsters down.  
On sixty separate occasions  
He battered various relations,  
As each was laid upon the floor,  
Explaining "There are plenty more."  
But sixty-first he set upon  
His cousin, Judith Anderson  
(A hockey International,  
Once Captain of St. Hilda's Hall),  
Addicted she to law and order,  
And hailing from the Scottish border;  
Not swift to speak, not slow to act,  
One gifted with unusual tact.  
Thus, when he hit her on the chest,  
She only smiled him back her best.  
Undaunted, Reuben tried again,  
Laid on with all his might and main,  
But Judith, always calm in crisis,  
Dropped him into the Thames (or Isis).  
O benefactors all, pay heed  
To Reuben's case, and don't exceed;  
For what at first is very nice,  
If you persist, becomes a vice.

QUINQUEVIR

180B. In setting this competition I wrote, "Competitors can give the freest scope to their imagination." The majority of them have declined the offer and have contented themselves with a description of some holiday they have spent in the past. All such entries have been rigorously ruled out, leaving a numerically inconsiderable residuum. The level main-

tained in most of the essays submitted has been adequate without being distinguished, though some capable work has been achieved by Muriel M. Malvern, James Hall (who apparently does not share the conventional prejudice against split infinitives), Crescens and M. Forbes Myers. With one competitor I am in the fullest sympathy. "There are," he writes, "just two preliminary requisites that I would stipulate for my ideal holiday. The first is unstinted wealth, and the second—unlimited time." I recommend for the first prize Non Omnia, and for the second the Rev. H. Cotton Smith.

#### FIRST PRIZE

On my ideal holiday I shall cast myself in utter abandonment—like a swimmer who turns and merely floats—upon that current in human life whose symbols are wine, the moon, roses, nightingales, zephyrs and love. And all these must be given, for I must control the resources of civilization with a word. Thus, an aeroplane shall carry me to Damascus and Bagdad, whence, by well-disciplined camel and horse, I make my way to a rich, sequestered vale of Persia. Here I shall find awaiting me flowing Eastern robes, together with ample consignments from Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, and a bevy of unobtrusive, indifferent slaves, preferably deaf mutes, who will serve me without my speaking a word. At correct moments they will put before me just what food I most desire, chicken in aspic, fruits and so forth, accompanied by my favourite hock, and followed by genuine coffee, ancient brandy and aromatic cigars.

There will be plenty of music, too; Eastern instruments, played by invisible musicians, beginning and ceasing at a clap of the hands; gramophones; wireless: so that I may, if the mood come upon me, jazz by moonlight upon the grave of some Imperial Cæsar.

An ancient garden, with well-trained nightingales and gazelles possessing sufficient dramatic instinct, will be open to me. In it will be a river opening out into a flower-fringed swimming pool. At its gate will be saddled an Arab steed whereon I may scour the desert sand when so disposed. Exquisite copies of Catullus, Horace, Hafiz, Heine, Byron and Fitzgerald will be at hand when they are wanted.

And who shall be with me beneath these boughs? The mechanical resources of civilization need not be drawn upon to produce her.

NON OMNIA

#### SECOND PRIZE

Reacting from eleven months of incessant speed in the city race for shadowless luxury, give me a light knapsack containing limited necessities, plank me down, say at Ripon, in the month of June, with an alpenstock plus easy-fitting walking boots, and leave me to saunter, plod, tramp, rest at leisure, east, north, west, south, back to my original scratch.

No destination is fixed for any appointed day, nor speed scheduled, nor time stated for "getting up," or "getting there"; no morning hustle, no quick lunch, no evening fuss, no correspondence will interfere with just what comes.

"What comes" will be some ancient farmstead at sunset, with its ingle nook after a good meal, a quiet smoke and talk with a complete stranger speaking his own tongue, and then repose in the huge bed, allocated to the visiting cricket eleven at the annual village feast. The morning breakfast, the real Yorkshire ham and eggs, cream in the coffee, cranberry jam, bilberry tart, home-made bread (week old, but never stale)—who know such joys but those who only know the A.B.C. or Lyons's menu? "What comes" will be adventures queer, quaint *rencontres*, sudden bits of architecture, funny gables, awkward field-stiles, cryptic signposts, bridle roads, strange beasties and flowers; bursts of landscape, skyscape, moorscape, seascape; and all sorts of conditions of changes and chances. One chance will be that of getting lost, thoroughly lost, coming across the whitened bones of a derelict sheep, having only one ham sandwich and no Metropolitan police of whom to enquire the way, but finding yourself after eight hours swinging back to the very farm where you slept in the haunted room last night. Your host is so delighted to see you, and . . . but three hundred words utterly fail to tithe the *embarras de richesses*.

REV. H. COTTON SMITH

## BACK NUMBERS—CXXXIX

TO write with due humility, I know next to nothing of the man with whom I am about to deal, and were I as usual within reach of the files I should probably discover next to nothing there. Jeffery Prowse's casual work, for aught I can tell, may have been collected, in part, at any rate, in some more dignified form, but all of it I have ever read is in a shabby volume, 'Nicholas's Notes and Sporting Prophecies,' edited by Tom Hood, and of that derelict of the stalls only one copy has ever come my way. As to the facts of his life, almost all remembered by me are that as a journalist he called himself The Prophet Nicholas (or Nicholas the Prophet); that he was born about the date of Victoria's accession, and died rather young, after some years of poor health. It is to be presumed that like charming John Hamilton Reynolds in the generation before his, Prowse "had not the heart to rush at fame." He seems to have taken himself lightly, and been content to leave some vague legend of having been a man of parts and a good fellow.

\* \*

But Prowse was the author of 'The City of Prague,' and only in Thackeray, if there, is there anything to match that lyric of Bohemia. That is, in English literature, for Murger is more truly the native and more movingly the laureate of that untidy country than any Englishman. Prowse's poem is here and there slipshod, not only in the rhyme of "Prague" and "vague"; there is better verse on the subject, whether in the closely parallel enthusiasm of "dans un grenier à vingt ans," or in Murger's reproach to Musette, "muse of infidelity," or in

Combien je regrette  
Mon bras si dodu,  
Ma jambe bien faite,  
Et le temps perdu,

which, a spark mnemonic of hell-fire, arouses memory of the terrific lament of "La belle qui fut heaulumière." Prowse, let it be conceded, is a small man, and careless in execution. But where are we to find just that blend of sentiments which delights us in 'The City of Prague'?

\* \*

It has a proper contempt for those "who know not the City, the beautiful City of Prague"; the valour of Prague's denizens; disillusion; wistfulness; smiles at all those qualities; and a good tune of its own. There is an excellent twist of thought in the penultimate stanza, when the refrain about the uncertain latitude and the vague longitude turns into:

Still, in accents a little uncertain,  
And tones that are possibly vague,  
The persons I pity who know not the City,  
The beautiful City of Prague!

It is a thing lived, and looked back upon with pride, humour, and tenderness.

\* \*

Prowse does not seem to have done anything else of quite that merit, but there are other good pieces, and it is plain that 'The City of Prague' was not an instance of blundering into success. For lightly rueful musing there are not a great many pieces in our literature that deserve to be put beside 'Learning the Verbs,' "signifying to be, to do, or to suffer." Perhaps he did not do very much, and might have chosen for his epitaph that of the contemporary who wrote:

I danced beneath the moon,  
I slept beneath the sun,  
I lived as going to do,  
And died with nothing done.

But he had something more than his share of suffering.

\* \*

It may be, but the facts of his life are obscure to me, that he bought a good part of his troubles; his poem, 'The Pace that Kills,' seems to suggest it. If so, in that poem at any rate, he did not get full value out of the situation. No; nor yet in the decidedly better, whimsical and yet felt lament, 'My Lost Old Age':

I lived my life; I had my day;  
And now I feel it more and more,  
The game I have no strength to play  
Seems better than it seemed of yore.  
I watch the sport with earnest eyes,  
That gleam with joy before it ends;  
For plainly I can hear the cries  
That hail the triumph of my friends.

But two centuries earlier another, a potentially great poet, had so watched revels he could no longer share; and the magnificently grotesque 'Maimed Debauchee' of Rochester, with its sardonic pathos and mocking defiance, utterly overwhelms the work of the Victorian. Prowse cannot even score on details. He has nothing like the simile of the old admiral watching events from the promontory; nothing like the boast about the marks of past debauch, unsurpassed in literary tact till Coleridge managed in pathetic verse to refer to his increasing adiposity.

\* \*

But Prowse apparently had no idea of inviting comparisons. His two passions, according to the legend, were watching cricket and reading about Polar exploration, so that some friend once summed him up as the man who wanted to play cricket on ice with the North Pole as wicket. He seems also to have been an authority on rowing, for the *Daily Telegraph* had him writing on the Oxford-Cambridge race. Whether he really knew much about wine is not evident, but he wrote about it incidentally in a pleasing way, producing one very memorable and indeed still sometimes quoted line:

Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk.

Peacock would have appreciated that line. It comes out of a piece on King Clicquot, a king of whom I have no knowledge except that, very fortunately, the Salic law was not operative in his realm.

\* \*

His prose was probably for the most part the day's work done for the day's wages. Doubtless nothing there, in such autobiographical passages as there may be, or in whatever obituary notices of "the deceased gentleman" type may have appeared when he died, could give us so much of Prowse as these lines from 'My Lost Old Age':

Life's opening chapter pleased me well;  
Too hurriedly I turned the page;  
I spoiled the volume. . . . Who can tell  
What might have been my lost old age?  
We work so hard, we age so soon,  
We live so swiftly, one and all,  
That ere our day be fairly noon  
The shadows eastward seem to fall.  
Some tender light may gild them yet;  
As yet, it's not so very cold;  
And, on the whole, I won't regret  
My slender chance of growing old.

Like Hartley Coleridge, he might have said, "I have lost the race I never ran." But would he have been our Prowse with the prize? Let it be as it was; in short—

STET.



## REVIEWS

## THE LITERATURE OF WAR

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*A Subaltern's War.* By Charles Edmonds. Davies. 7s. 6d.

IN our natural desire to know what the other side thought and felt about it, and in our consequent interest in the flood of extremely good war-books which Germany is now sending out all over the world, there is a danger that we may overlook the ability of our own authors to give us an account of what happened in 1914-1918. Ten years ago we were already wondering whether the war would provide us with any great, or even with any adequate, literature. Five years ago the wiseacres of the publishing and critical trades were saying that the war as a subject was dead and damned for want of popular favour. Now, and after a proper interval of time, the literature of war is beginning to take form, and the English contribution to it is no less valuable than the German. Mr. Edmund Blunden's 'Undertones of War' has not its parallel in any language. Mr. George Blake's 'Path of Glory,' in my opinion, yields nothing in force to Herr Remarque's 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' while it is a much saner, fairer, and better-balanced book. And now from Mr. Edmonds we have a narrative which is to a remarkable extent the counterpart of Herr Jünger's 'The Storm of Steel,' to which it is certainly in no way inferior.

I do not know who Mr. Edmonds may be: it seems to me to be highly unlikely that this is his only book, though the bulk of it, written in 1919 and 1920, may have constituted his first. He was seventeen when the war broke out and still at school. At the end he had a captaincy and the Military Cross and he went to Oxford. He tells us no more about himself, but it is perfectly obvious that he is a trained thinker, a trained observer and a trained writer.

What I seek from him as from all writers on the war is some conception of what it was really like. Let me say here, at the risk of unduly obtruding myself, that I never heard a shot fired in anger save at and by hostile aircraft, and that my own military experience was brief and early—in the days, that is to say, when the War Office thought that fighting in Flanders would be like fighting in South Africa, just as in 1899 it thought that fighting in South Africa would be like fighting in the Crimea. I make this confession only to emphasize the fact that I have to judge Mr. Edmonds and all other writers on the war, just as posterity will, by the impression of truth that they make. After all, there might be worse ways. As Mr. Edmonds remarks, "When fifteen million men are engaged for five years upon an arduous enterprise it is not likely that one or two classes of character will include them all." In other words, there were as many different wars as there were men in the armies. This strikes me as being an entirely convincing war. Here is one very convincing passage:

Adams and Houghton had gone forward now, and I was just watching them over the traverse, when I had the impression that someone was throwing stones. Suddenly I saw lying in the middle of the trench a small black object, about the shape and size of a large duck's egg. There was a red band round it and a tube fixed in one end of it.

In a flash I guessed it must be some new sort of bomb. It was lying less than a yard from my foot; I was right in the corner of the trench. What was I to do? In an instant of time I thought: Had I the nerve to pick it up and throw it away? Should I step over it and run? Or stay where I was? There was no room to lie down. But too late. The bomb burst with a roar at my feet. My eyes

and nose were full of dust and pungent fumes. Not knowing if I was wounded or not, I found myself stumbling down the trench with a group of groaning men. One man, Allen, was swearing and shouting in a high-pitched voice and bleeding in the leg. All the nerve was blasted out of us.

I fetched up almost in tears, shaken out of my senses, at Bickersteth's feet. My clothes were a little torn and my hand was bleeding, but that was all.

Bickersteth was very cool. He was watching the fight through a periscope and organizing relays of bomb carriers.

"You must get these men together, Edmonds," he was saying, "and make a counter-attack."

"I'm damned if I will," said I; "I'm done for," and I lay and panted.

He looked at me and saw I was useless. I hadn't an ounce of grit left in me.

This is a good specimen of Mr. Edmonds's narrative. It is not, of course, a wholly representative passage, because trench-warfare, as Mr. Edmonds describes it, was a very varied affair and Mr. Edmonds, as he describes himself, was capable of very varied emotions and actions. Fear is never far absent from what he tells us, but neither is courage. He leaves me, on this point, with the impression that the ideal army is one in which at any given moment there is always someone who is without fear and who is ready to hearten his momentarily stricken comrades. It is now one, now another who plays this part, but the part is never without someone to play it. In this context, I must quote a passage which peculiarly appeals to me. The author and two others are sitting in a particularly noisome cellar during the battle of Passchendaele:

We sat and talked, sticking a candle-end on a ledge to light up the slime on the damp walls and our own unshaven faces. One caller came to us, "Davy" Jones, a little race-course tout, a man of unlimited impudence, a singer of scurrilous songs, owner of the company Crown and Anchor board, always in trouble, but always well forward in action.

For once he was beat. He had been to headquarters on some errand or other (we had made him an acting section leader), and was standing in the little trench outside, when two 5.9's came over together and burst on the parapet. With that curious uncertainty of shell-fire, they had almost blown the ground from under his feet without hurting him. But he was badly shaken and had lost his impudence. We brought him into our funkhole and made a fuss of him until the shelling was over.

I dare say that the last ten words supply as good an explanation of why we won the war as can be found anywhere.

But Mr. Edmonds's narrative seems to me to be only a justificatory preparation for the golden common sense of his "Epilogue: An Essay on Militarism." He will have nothing to do with the "disenchantment" of the late C. E. Montague. War, he says, can be prevented when we rid our hearts of envy, hatred and malice. In the meanwhile there are worse things than the virtues engendered by war:

Since to attain a rational attitude towards death is the chief problem of human life, we may well consider the case of the young soldier who became acquainted with the problem earlier in life than is usual. Although we all know that we are seated at play with an opponent who is certain to checkmate in something less than three score and ten moves, the end seems so remote to most lads of eighteen that they don't really believe in it. Yet earthly life is a losing game which is to be played out with what propriety we can manage, and which should be lost without rancour. Soldiers learn to live and die in that fashion. It is virtuous and not vicious to be indifferent to death, provided that you are as indifferent to your own as to your neighbour's. Religious faith is rarely so strong as to support a man against selfish mourning when death takes his friends; but military honour, when it teaches him to go to his own death with a smile, helps him to a little virtue.

Again Mr. Edmonds says:

A common belief about the Great War is that it inflicted on the soldiers worse horrors than had previously been imagined, a belief which presumably accounts for the illogical attempts of some humanitarians to forbid the use of certain weapons of war as too horrible. All wars fought to a finish between well-matched combatants are equally cruel, whether they are fought with bows and arrows or with poison gas. War has three horrors—discomfort, fear and death. To the last of these three the ingenuities of science make no difference, nor

can body and mind stand more discomfort or more terror than they could stand five hundred years ago. At a certain point the strain becomes so great that one army or the other collapses and gives in. There is no evidence for supposing that this breaking-point is not what it always was, nor the limits of endurance just the same. Victory depends on endurance, not on brutality: those who bear the greatest suffering survive, and it is this which supplies the heroic element even in modern war.

This strikes an admirable balance between the folly which (even now) strives to glorify war for its own sake and that equal folly which declines to contemplate its possibility on the ground that it is something obscene. Mr. Edmonds is a wise man, and in nothing wiser than in his having provided his conclusions with a basis of keenly observed and vividly recorded fact.

### ARCHAIC ASIA

*History and Monuments of Ur.* By C. J. Gadd. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

*The Hittite Empire.* By John Garstang. Constable. 25s.

UR was not the earliest of the Sumerian city-states, even though Mr. Gadd establishes beyond serious dispute the fact that the painted pottery-makers of al'Ubaid, four miles from the city, were its predecessors. The first city of Sumer appears to have been Eridu, to whom the culture-hero Ea or Oannes brought probably up from the Persian Gulf all the arts of civilization. The nearest affinities to the al'Ubaid pottery were found at Bushire on the Persian Gulf, and it would surely have been worth while for Mr. Gadd to examine more closely in his chapter, 'Beginnings in Fable and Fact,' the story of Ea, the pioneer who was half a fish, half a god and no doubt altogether a man. The early settlements of the painted pottery people in Mesopotamia knew metals, agriculture and indeed cuneiform writing on clay tablets, but there is no transitionary stage as yet revealed by the spade between purely primitive man and the early civilized dweller between the two rivers. As the change between the potters of al'Ubaid and the citizens of Ur was, as Mr. Gadd justly remarks, one of fashion rather than race, he might have canvassed more fully the problem of the origin of the Sumerians. The cuneiform script might well have been invented in Babylonia, but it does not carry us much farther to argue that its pictographic form was indigenous because of the riverine landscape depicted. The Nile is also a river.

Then Mr. Gadd takes us on to the Woolley discoveries of the First Dynasty of Ur, the mosaics, the inlays, the reliefs, shell-plaques and goldsmith-work which he describes and praises vividly, though it all strikes one as being more barbaric and sumptuous than artistic. He might have explained the tomb-types of this Dynasty more elaborately, and fruitfully compared them with the slowly evolved forms of Egyptian mortuary architecture. The figures on the now famous "Standard" he suggests were a memorial of the overthrow of Erech by Ur. We then return to al'Ubaid, where A-anni-padda of the First Dynasty erected a temple to the Mother-Goddess, the counterpart in her cow-form of Egyptian Hathor. This temple with its well-known dairy frieze was apparently razed by Eannatum of Lagash, who ended the First Dynasty of Ur, which Mr. Gadd conjectures with much plausibility was not earlier than the last century of the fourth millennium B.C. The Second Dynasty, which was marked by the recovery of Ur's autonomy, presents only a phantom record and seems to have been brought to an abrupt close by Lugal-zaggisi of Umma and Erech in 2550 B.C. His supremacy was in its turn succeeded by the first empire in human history, that of Sargon, whose daughter became the high-priestess

of the Moon-God at Ur. Confusion returned when the nomad Gutians overran the Sargonic empire, and the Third Dynasty of Ur was founded by Ur-Nammu, the local governor under the mild sway of Lagash. Ur-Nammu and Shulgi after him appear to have held all Sumer and at least claimed a shadowy sovereignty over the more northerly Akkad, while it was in the Third Dynasty that the great ziggurat of Ur was built. But the Amorites and the Elamites and later still the Kassites came down like wolves upon the by no means blameless fold of Sumer, and after a partial restoration under a late Babylonian king, Ur was dominated by the war-machine of Assyria. Become virtually an Assyrian city beset by the Aramaean and Chaldaean tribes, Ur gradually sank into a hopeless decay, with brief interruptions of rebuilding by Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus, the last native king of Babylon, who established a museum in the ancient city of the Moon-God. Under Cyrus, who sent back this same Moon-God from Babylon, all reference to the city finally disappears, and only the outline of the ziggurat in the plain remains to tell the story of a vanished culture.

Mr. Gadd has given a coherent and business-like account of these successive stages, and it is a mark of special interest in his chronicle that he accepts the tradition of Abraham's birth at Ur, possibly in the reign of Ram-Sim or Hammurabi (2000-1900 B.C.) when the Habiru (Hebrew) migrated northwards into South Babylonia. Judging from the analogies of other nomad migrations from the settled cities of early civilization, Abraham was a princeling of the royal house of Ur. Such is Mr. Gadd's book. He is apt to be dazzled, like so many other historians of early nations, by military prowess and conquest, and to believe that they have some mysterious connexion with artistic achievement. He might, too, have profitably discussed the early Sumerian legal system in comparison with the Code of Hammurabi. Mr. Woolley's little book on the Sumerians shows how much more humane and enlightened the earlier laws were beside those of the great conquerors of Babylonia, Assyria and Persia. But for these reservations, the book is very readable and graphic.

Professor Garstang has written a somewhat similar work on the Hittite Empire, correlating his own immense learning with that of Sayce and Winckler. His account, however, is more geographical than historical, and he devotes a large portion of the book to an examination of the monuments of the Hittites in the Taurus region, in the land of Mitanni, in Syria, in Phrygia and Lydia and as far south as Jebus, the old city of David. For, in spite of the dominance of the Hittite kings, the Hittite domains were always composite, and the Hittite art was composite with them. Before the Hittites were broken by the Assyrians and the movement of European peoples southward after the fall of Troy, they succeeded during the second millennium in building up a ramshackle empire over most of Asia Minor, and Professor Garstang tells the somewhat dull story as well as it could be told. His book is admirably supplied with plates, illustrations and with maps, in which last category Mr. Gadd's book is notably deficient.

H. J. MASSINGHAM

### THE NEW MORALITY

*A Preface to Morals.* By Walter Lippmann. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

THIS is one of the most interesting and suggestive books that have recently appeared on the tendencies of the age in the matter of morals—in the widest sense of that much abused word. It



is true that upon one or two points the author, who is a citizen of the United States, lays himself open to the criticism that his evidence is too largely drawn from his own country, but his analysis of conditions is invariably of universal application; and he is certainly to be congratulated upon not interrupting his argument with continual references to the authorities upon which they are based, though some readers will prefer footnotes to the appendix which is inserted at the end of the book.

Mr. Lippmann's thesis is that we live in an age of disillusionment, and that in religion, politics, and the relations of the sexes the old standards have been overthrown without anything else being put in their place. He maintains that in this the present century differs from its predecessors, for whereas similar changes have occurred in the past, there has always been some new creed or system to claim the allegiance of mankind. To-day the author can see no alternative morality to that which has been rejected, and he believes that humanity is in consequence in danger of losing its way in a fog of doubt and uncertainty. His remedy is reliance upon the individual conscience, which he terms the "religion of the spirit."

There is a great deal of truth in all this, but there are also two important fallacies. In the first place, the historical analogy, always a dangerous method of reasoning, is unsound, in that the old system is always completely undermined long before the foundations of the new are laid; and, secondly, so far as sexual morals, to which Mr. Lippmann devotes a section of his work, are concerned, a new code is already in process of evolution. A large and growing portion of the human race believes, rightly or wrongly, that it can get along very well without the aid of religion, which is no longer its preoccupation but merely one interest among many others, and it is therefore in no hurry to replace the old order which it has overturned; but it is obvious that the relations of the citizen to the State, and of the one sex to the other, must proceed upon some recognized plan, and for this reason the public is more interested in the establishment of new political and moral than of new religious standards.

Mr. Lippmann evidently realizes this, but one is tempted to suspect that he has not grasped its full import. He very rightly says that one of the greatest revolutions of the age is the removal of all external control over female chastity by the prevalent knowledge of contraceptive methods, but he does not quite realize that it is this growing demand for a full equality of the sexes that is at the bottom of the revolt against the old order. Until very recent times civilization was based upon the subordination of the woman in the church, the factory, the laws, and the home. Democracy and the dictators have freed her politically, and birth control socially, but until a new morality is established which provides for complete sex equality the existing discontent will continue, and it is significant that none of the leading religious bodies has taken even the first step in this direction.

In short, Mr. Lippmann's analysis is better than his conclusions. He would have been well advised to have ended upon a less dogmatic note, for the logical outcome of his "religion of the spirit" is anarchy, and his whole book goes to prove that anarchy is the last thing which he desires to advocate. In religion it may well be that in the future the dictates of the individual conscience, rather than the dogmas of any particular Church, will be supreme, but in politics a new system, with economics for its basis, is rapidly being built up, while in social matters the relations of the sexes are, thanks to birth control, being readjusted on a level of complete equality.

These criticisms in no way detract from the value of a remarkable book. Whether one agrees with the author's conclusions or not, his premises provide food for thought, and it is accordingly to be hoped

that his work will have the wide public that it deserves and apparently has had in the United States. Introspection is good for us in this age of bustle and exaggeration, and Mr. Lippmann's microscope is a useful and effective instrument for the purpose.

## CHICAGO LIFE—AND LETTERS

*The Front Page.* A Play in Three Acts. By Ben Hecht and Charles Macarthur. Grant Richards and Humphrey Toulmin. 7s. 6d.

**'THE FRONT PAGE,'** produced by Mr. Jed Harris, who is best known over here through his brilliant direction of 'Broadway,' had a great success in New York. It might repeat that success in London. The Lord Chamberlain would probably demand mitigation of the language employed in the astonishingly vivid picture of Chicago's crime, politics, and journalism—if the three can be distinguished in fact. It is a world we slower and gentler English can hardly understand, so quick, so inventive, and so ruthless it appears in its planning of graft, scoops, frame-ups, get-aways and all the traffic of cunning and corruption. In Chicago we are back in the air of grandiose villainy, the air of 'Volpone' and 'The Alchemist.' The authors, old reporters, give an Elizabethan touch to the bustling scene of human bestiality; their characters are drawn on the large scale; the sly and the mean are surrounded by robust and roaring scamps and desperadoes. American journalism provides a rougher house than does any English newspaper office and the Press Room in the Criminal Courts Building of Chicago apparently provides the roughest house of all in the roughest of American cities. The atmosphere of the play's event is a kind of leprous laughter and the play is no laughing matter.

'Wolf Solent is a big enough book to outlive our age.'

S. P. B. Mais in the *Daily Telegraph*

## Wolf Solent

by

JOHN COWPER POWYS

The difference between "Wolf Solent" and the run of novels is the difference between knowing and appreciating with the mind. . . . The drama is set in Dorset. . . . The essence of this remarkable book is to be found less in what we commonly regard as events than in the spirit that underlies them ("it's the stream of life that is important, not any particular event or emotion"); and in Mr. Powys's rare gift for its expression. Those who know his work as essayist and poet will expect a high standard of achievement, but even they may well be surprised by his power over words, and even more by his gift for disguising it. In reading "Wolf Solent" we are never arrested by our admiration for the beauty of the language. It is one with the thought.

*Times Literary Supplement*

644 pages. 15s. net.

JONATHAN CAPE, LONDON

It is the eve of a hanging. A "Red" is to be "bumped off" and the newsmen are waiting for the story, playing poker, swearing, quarrelling, and indulging a hearty vein of the less serene frivolity in conversation. We are introduced gradually to the political intrigue, for the execution is timed to give a good send-off to the Mayor's electoral campaign and to back his slogan of "The Rope for the Reds." There is a fine lay-out of assorted cynicism in the journalists, of knavery in the politicians, and of biting humour in the treatment of the whole. The prisoner makes an escape which, followed by a last-minute reprieve, gives a good second act and the authors are as ready with eventfulness as with the rasping, raging banter of Chicago's raillery. Few plays seem to leap from the page into three-dimensional life as this one does; the oafs and bullies are vivid from the start. Does it libel Chicago? Can it libel Chicago? It is not for an Englishman to answer these questions. But he can accept the piece as an immensely readable and vigorous piece of work. Sometimes the authors overdo the gramophonic reproduction of coarseness in conversation. But they are creators as well as recorders and their human wreckage of the reporting room are the Bardolphins and Pistols of their age and place.

I. B.

### MEDICAL CRAFT

*The Mystery and Art of the Apothecary.* By C. J. S. Thompson. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

MR. THOMPSON'S book is an interesting short history of the apothecary's art, which probably originated, we learn, from man's primitive instinct to apply a large leaf to cool an injured surface. Purification and the expulsion of demons are early ideas on the method of treating disease and find one expression in the use of medicines. The earliest reference to drugs comes from Assyrian tablets, but it is among the Aryan races in the north-west of India that we have to look for the true cradle of medical art. Throughout the ancient world there is abundant evidence of a plentiful knowledge of drugs and some such knowledge is hardly ever absent from human societies. Some remedies still in use are almost as old as civilization, but the chief modern specifics do not seem to have the same antiquity. Quinine, for example, dates from after the discovery of South America, though its local name, Quina-Quina, which means bark of barks, suggests it had a special value before then. Mercury goes back to antiquity. To soda sal. we have not observed a reference in this book. But if not all modern drugs are old, very many are, and they were often compounded with innumerable others. We read of one ancient prescription with two hundred and fifty ingredients. Others, less complex, were used as panaceas.

The concluding chapter gives some interesting details of the struggles of physicians against apothecaries, especially in the eighteenth century, when the former opened dispensaries of their own, of apothecaries against druggists and the curious evolution of these crafts which Mr. Thompson describes:

It is probable that, owing to this curious evolution of the apothecary into the medical practitioner and the chemist combining with the druggist and absorbing the trade side of the apothecary's business, the position of pharmacy in England remained so much behind that of other countries until after the middle of the nineteenth century.

This account leaves out the barber-surgeons, and we do not know how far it explains such disturbing facts nowadays as those referred to some years ago by a President of the Royal College of Physicians when he mentioned that upwards of ninety per cent.

of diagnoses were wrong, or the less disturbing fact that an apothecary's qualification is still legally, we believe, the minimum qualification for practising. Now that drugs are decreasingly used, the art of the apothecary must appear increasingly odd, and perhaps this side of medical craft will tend to be relegated in general histories to the chapter on witchcraft and allied matters. But we have to remember that there will always be the specifics, if few in number, and magic we have always with us. Have not metals been transmuted? Old superstition appears to triumph in the guise of modern science. This is less true of medicine, perhaps because medicine is not a science. On its history this volume provides much material handily put together.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Wolf Solent.* By John Cowper Powys. Cape. 15s.  
*Clare Drummer.* By V. S. Pritchett. Benn. 7s. 6d.

'WOLF SOLENT' is as long as three ordinary novels, and to discuss it fully would require the space of three ordinary reviews. I will spare the reader that, however.

It is not easy to give an impression of 'Wolf Solent.' To call Mr. Powys an English Jacob Wassermann would not be altogether misleading. English as he is, he has much in common with the German writer. His mind is mystical and romantic, and it rejoices in extremes. But his use of symbolism is much less deliberate than Wassermann's; all his effects are more spontaneous. His moral is plainer, because he states it in so many words: "endure or escape." But the steps whereby he arrives at it are extremely hard to follow: it is rather like trying to reach some definite objective by means of a switchback railway or a giant-stride.

Wolf Solent is a schoolmaster in the early 'thirties who has lost his job in London because, letting his feelings run away with him, he executed a "malice dance" to the scandal of the spectators. So he returns to his native county, Dorset, where he finds a twofold occupation: teaching history in the local grammar school and acting as secretary-collaborator to the Squire. This unpleasant old man is engaged upon a history, a history, he asserts, of an entirely new genre:

What I want to do is to isolate the particular portion of the earth's surface called "Dorset," as if it were possible to decipher there a palimpsest of successive strata, one inscribed below another, of human impression... to get that sort of perspective on human occurrence that the bedposts in brothels must come to possess—and the counters of bar-rooms and butlers' pantries in old houses and muddy ditches in long-frequented lovers' lanes.

Wolf soon discovers that he has had a predecessor in the compilation of this *chronique scandaleuse*: a young man who died in mysterious circumstances; and the village, he presently learns, is waiting to see whether he will go the way of the luckless Jimmy Redfern. The village has some points of resemblance to the Madder and Dodder with which another Mr. Powys, brother to this, has acquainted us: but its features, though scarcely less repellent to the eye, are cast in a more heroic mould. The charm of T. F. Powys's work is its small touches, its miniature quality; his brother's gets its impressiveness from its sky-defying proportions. In a novel of this kind, which aims at making a kind of synthesis of human experience, we expect to come up against Evil, and we are not disappointed. I do not propose to give a detailed



account of the evil prevalent in King's Barton, and to do so in cold blood (Mr. Powys's blood is never cold) would be to misrepresent the character of his book. Suffice it to say that local rumour connected Mr. Urquhart with perversion and Mr. Malakiti with incest: and in neither case was it mistaken.

Somehow or other, Wolf Solent has to reconcile the existence of such abuses with his conviction that it is good to be alive. (Like so many people in books, he regards suicide as a practicable solution to his problems.) He has also to arrange in their right perspective a host of intractable persons and relationships. He is married to the beautiful Gerda, but Christie is his soul's affinity. His mother comes to live in the village; she is devoted to him, but she tries to make him do as she wants. "She was like a witch—his mother—on the wrong side in the fairy story of life. She was on the side of fate against chance, and of destiny against random fortune." He loves her, but sees in her some of the less estimable characteristics of the female sex.

He thought to himself: "It's absolutely impossible to talk of any woman to another woman without betraying the absent one. They must have blood! Every word you speak is a betrayal. They're not satisfied otherwise."

Mrs. Solent had had much to complain of in Wolf's father; and she could not be expected to see eye to eye with Miss Gault, of whom her husband had been too fond. Yet her own relations with the susceptible farmer Manley were such as to call forth Wolf's disapproval.

He could take nothing as it came; his nature was so constituted that he had to refer all his experience to some touchstone—moral, æsthetic, or philosophical—and if it did not survive the test, he was in agonies. As a character he is too self-searching to command one's sympathy; and the whole book is so riddled

and debilitated and invalidated by hysterical introspection that as a commentary on human behaviour it has not very much force: less, perhaps, than Mr. Williamson's 'The Pathway,' a book of somewhat similar aim. Mr. Powys's intellect is at the mercy of his imagination: it never rests content with the ordinary—it must have everything, especially sensational and over life-size. As against this, it is, in spite of its length, a most readable and beguiling book. Few as are the deliberate efforts made to stimulate the reader's interest, it never loses the quality of suspense: we always want to know what happens next. It has little sense of proportion, and funny pomposities of diction:

"You'll be sure to be back for tea!"

These words were uttered by Gerda as she stood in their doorway, with Lobbie Torp at her side.

But in the dialogue of the rustics it shows a delicious Hardyesque sense of humour. It is refreshingly English, even in the quality of its morbidity. "I like all graveyards," said Lord Carfax, and his remark might serve as a motto for the book. Finally, from every page shines forth an imagination of the rarest kind—flexible, elastic, receptive, capable of transforming into poetry the most unpromising material. But for lack of balance and wildness of judgment it would be almost a great book.

'Clare Drummer' is also exceedingly impressive. It is a novel about Ireland after the Black and Tans had left it—an Ireland distressful to itself and to its well-wishers, loquacious, melancholy, and desperate, but not squalid and ignoble, as Mr. O'Flaherty depicts it. Mr. Pritchett's imagination is as strong and individual as Mr. Powys's, but he has it better under control, and in his case it co-operates with a gift of language which Mr. Powys does not possess. It is taut and vibrating; and the book, for all its

## A BACHELOR'S DEN

The following exquisite quotation is taken from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie.

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe

would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other.

# Craven

## Mixture Tobacco

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intricacy, gives an extraordinary impression of tension and speed. It is a brilliant performance, this study of (among much else) the relationships of four young people, all held in an equipoise by the forces of attraction and repulsion. The presentation and the analysis of the characters are brilliant; the dialogue (especially when Mrs. Drummer contributes) scintillates. Perhaps the book suffers from virtuosity: it hums like a wire, giving out a note that astonishes the ear by its tone, but lacks the variety of mood we listen for in the still, sad music of humanity. In the course of the story there is light and shade in plenty, but the final impression dulls the difference between them. Mr. Pritchett's technique is such a perfect instrument, so apt to harmonize and reconcile, that it does its work too thoroughly, and gives the form of diversity, of contrast, without the content. But it is a dazzling book.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**The Milligan Case.** Edited, with an Introduction, by Samuel Klaus. Routledge. 15s.

THE "American Trials Series," of which this is the first volume, is a venture long overdue, and, if we may judge from British precedents, its publishers are assured of considerable public support, not only in America but also in this country. The official shorthand reports, where such exist, will be given in full, and in every case "an introduction will reconstruct the background against which the case must be viewed." For the second volume we are promised the Molineux case, an unsolved poisoning mystery of thirty years ago; while later volumes will deal with Sacco and Vanzetti, the earlier and somewhat similar case of the Chicago anarchists, the Leo Frank case, and two old American piracy trials. This is an attractive menu, and the three editors—Messrs. Samuel Klaus, Underhill Moore and James Rosenberg—express a confident hope that the series will be found to be not only of legal interest but also "charged with human savor." In the meantime, however, they have chosen to open the feast with an aperitif of deadly stodginess—at any rate to non-American readers. During the American Civil War a certain Lambdin P. Milligan, a civilian with Southern sympathies, was arrested, tried and condemned by a Northern court-martial. He appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the point at issue was whether or not the civilian court could over-rule the military tribunal. It was decided that it could. An important principle was thus established—but only after floods of evidence, and speeches of almost incredible dullness and verbosity, quite lacking in "human savor." We shall look forward to the poisoning case in volume two.

**Empire to Commonwealth.** By W. P. Hall. Cape. 15s.

THIS book, which deals with the internal affairs of the British Empire during the past thirty years, begins very appropriately with a picture of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The author is a citizen of the United States, and he is to be heartily congratulated upon his insight into the problems of a policy so different from his own. The British reader will, it is true, remark one or two small errors of fact, but they are of no great consequence, and the book as a whole is a real contribution to the history of the subject with which it deals. For the most part, Mr. Hall is content to narrate events, but when his comments do appear they are invariably of value. It is, too, a significant fact that he makes no mention of the Crown in his enumeration of the centripetal forces in the Empire at the present time, and such an omission on the part of so shrewd an observer cannot but give the British reader furiously to think. In the main, his impartiality is above suspicion, but there are occasions when his sympathies will out, as in his treatment of the Curragh incident in the early months of 1914, while his optimism as to the future of the Irish Free State must come from his heart rather than from his head.

**A Short Catalogue of Books printed in England . . . before 1641 in the Library of Wadham College, Oxford.** Compiled by H. A. Wheeler (1918). Longmans. 10s. 6d.

THIS catalogue, with a biographical introduction written by Mr. J. C. Squire, is one of the pieces of amateur work begun in a characteristically English way, but giving promise of great things to come. It has its value as a memorial of a youth of promise, and as a catalogue of books, for Wadham men, and it is a good piece of printing. We certainly feel that advantage should have been taken of the Bodleian or British Museum Catalogues or of the Short Title Catalogue to revise the names here given; and we must warn readers who think they have come across books not in the Museum that the author catalogued parts of books as having a separate existence. There is no music (except Psalms) in the list, otherwise it is a good general library for Tudor and Stuart times.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parenthesis.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE EGYPTIAN ENIGMA. By J. E. Marshall. Murray. 10s. 6d.  
SIX GREAT ANGLICANS. By F. W. Head. Student Christian Movement. 6s.  
INDISCRETIONS OF A PREFECT OF POLICE. From the Papers of Count Real. Translated by Arthur L. Hayward. Cassell. 8s. 6d.  
HISTORY OF SWEDEN. By Carl Hallenforff and Adolph Schuck. Stockholm: Fritze.

### FICTION

- HE MARRIED HIS PARLOURMAID. By Countess Barcynska. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.  
MYSTERY OF THE ROMAN HAT. By Ellery Queen. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.  
THE METAL FLASK. By Basil Thomson. Methuen. 3s. 6d.  
STEEL GRUBS. By Ernest Elmore. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.  
THE WAKING BIRD. By Barbara Gooldeen. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.  
SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE. By P. C. Wren. Murray. 7s. 6d.  
SECOND CHOICE. By Elizabeth Alexander. Allan. 7s. 6d.  
THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED. By Samuel Emery. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.  
WINTER'S NIGHT. By Eleanor Dunbar Hall. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.  
CONNIE MORGAN, PROSPECTOR. By James B. Hendryx. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.  
ANCESTOR JORICO. By William J. Locke. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.  
THAT FOLLOWED AFTER. By J. G. Lockhart. Benn. 7s. 6d.  
THE BOUNDARY POST. By Liesbet Dill. Benn. 7s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- MODERN SCIENCE. By J. Arthur Thomson. Methuen. 6s.  
LONDON REDISCOVERIES AND SOME OTHERS. By Walter G. Bell. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.  
INDIAN VILLAGE CRIMES. By Sir Cecil Walsh. Benn. 10s. 6d.  
TURNING THINGS OVER. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s.  
THE BLAMELESS SPORT. By Wilfred Walter Morris. Methuen. 6s.  
THE GLORIOUS OYSTER. By Hector Bolitho. Knopf. 6s.

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## Book Bargains

Aitken's Life of Richard Steele. 2 vols. 1889. 25s.  
 Memoirs of Barras, Member of the Directorate, by George Duruy, translated by Roche. 4 vols. 1895. £2 10s.  
 Egypt Painted and Described by R. Talbot Kelly. 1902. 10s 6d.  
 Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, by Mark Napier. 1859. 3 vols. £2 10s.  
 Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay by G. O. Trevelyan. 2 vols. 1876. 21s.  
 Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. 3 vols. 1923. £2 2s.  
 Geikie's Text Book of Geology. 2 vols. 1903. 18s.  
 Knight and Butter's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland, Dominion of Canada, India and Australasia. Edited by MacLaren. 2 vols.  
 Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology. Edited by J. M. Baldwin. 2 vols. 1901. 18s.  
 Bernard Shaw's St. Joan. Illustrated. Limited Edition. Folio, fine copy. 1924. £5 5s.  
 Greville Memoirs. 8 vols. 1875. £3.  
 Works of Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyam. 2 vols. 1887. 30s.  
 Hardy's Wessex Novels. 17 vols. original issue. 1894. Rare. £12 10s.  
 Comte's System of Positive Polity. 4 vols. 1875. £2 10s.  
 Locke's Human Understanding by Fraser. 2 vols. Best Edition. Oxford. 1894. £1 1s.  
 Edgar Allan Poe's Works. 4 vols. 1874. 30s.  
 The Butterfly. Complete set in 12 parts. £2 2s.  
 Noel Williams. Life of Queen Margot. 15s. Published at 42s.

### BOOKS WANTED

Bennett. Old Wives' Tales. 1908.  
 Wells's Love and Mr. Lewisham. 1900.  
 Melville. The Whale. 3 vols. 1851.  
 Chesterfield Letters. 2 vols. 1774.  
 Tennyson's Poems. 1830 and 1833.  
 Tennyson's In Memoriam. 1850. Shaw's Plays. 2 vols. 1898.  
 Boswell's Johnson. 2 vols. 1791. Hardy's Tess. 3 vols. 1891.  
 Wells's Time Machine. 1885. Lamb's Album Verses. 1830.

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## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 388

(LAST OF OUR TWENTY-EIGHTH QUARTER)

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 29)

TWO GAME BIRDS THESE, AND ONE OF EITHER SEX;  
BOTH SHOULD BE FAT; THEY PICK UP CORN BY PECKS

1. A cake tobaccoists are wont to sell.
2. From beast detach what on a prophet fell.
3. Old Samuel who excelled, sir, in this art?
4. Of yonder castle not the weakest part.
5. Strong woollen cloth; sore throat; a well-known plant.
6. Maddier than most folk? That I cannot grant.
7. Precise and careful, certain, punctual, true.
8. His learned comments cannot but help you.
9. From ten-armed cuttle-fish detach the tail.
10. Such is the deer,—at least the lordly male.
11. A worthless rascal, spell him how you like.
12. May answer to the name of Pat or Mike.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 386

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 15)

SHADES OF THE GOOD IN THESE MAY HOPE TO DWELL;  
IN THAT THE DAMNED DEVILS ROAR AND YELL.

1. See Earth engulf his sons and all they own!
2. Swiss town and lake to British tourists known.
3. From ancient legend please extract the core.
4. A sacred tongue not spoken any more.
5. Devoid of power: the shelter strike away.
6. Word or expression of an earlier day.
7. For grannie's eyes the type's a trifle small.
8. A winter visitor this thrush we call.
9. Like shriek of harmless necessary cat.
10. As big as biggest brewer's biggest vat.
11. Down, down it comes, o'erwhelming all below.
12. From outline-sketch Croatian town must go.
13. Would pass for sardine, but the judge said 'No!'

## Solution of Acrostic No. 386

E	lia	B <sup>1</sup>	1 Know ye this day . . . what he
L	ugan	O	did unto Dathan and Abiram, the
mY		Th	sons of Eliab, the son of Reuben;
S	anscri	T	how the earth opened her mouth,
I	mp	Otent	and swallowed them up, and their
A	rchais	M	households, and their tents, and
N	onparei	L	every living thing that followed
F	ieldfar	E	them.—Deut. xi. 6.
I	nharmoniou	S	
E	normou	S	
L	andsli	P	
D		Iagram	
S	pra	T	

ACROSTIC No. 386.—The winner is "A. E.," Miss Arrowsmith, 7 King's Mansions, Lawrence Street, S.W.3, who has selected as her prize 'The Diary of the Revd. William Jones: 1777-1821,' published by Brentano and reviewed by us on August 10 under the title 'A Diarist of Character.' Fifteen other competitors named this book, fourteen 'The Art of Interrogation,' fourteen 'An Angler's Paradise,' ten 'Olden Times in Zululand and Natal,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Carlton, Chailey, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Elizabeth, Fossil, Hanworth, Jeff, Jop, John Lennie, Madge, Martha, Met, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Rabbits, Shorwell, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. G. Tosswill, Tyro, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, D. L., Sir Reginald Egerton, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, J. E. Goudge, Mrs. Greene, Harbord-House, H. C. M., Iago, Lillian, Mrs. Lole, George W. Miller, M. Milne, Rosa Mund, Margaret Owen, Dr. Pearse, Peter, Polamar, Rho Kappa, Sisypheus, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Ceyx, Maud Crowther, M. East, Falcon, Farsdon, W. P. James, George Lyndene, Mary, A. M. W. Maxwell, M. C. S. S., Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rand, Stucco. All others more.

Many solvers failed to notice that the subject of Light 1 is the Father of the "sons."—Others confused Locarno, which is on Lake Maggiore and has no lake named after it, with Lugano.—In France all sorts of small fishes are tinned and sold as "sardines." In the English case which I had in mind it was the Sprat, not the Smelt, that had been masquerading as a sardine.

G. W. M.—An acrostic-composer must be given a little latitude and allowed to call a cat's shriek "inharmonious," even though it has no relation to the "concord of sweet sounds."

MADGE.—I regret that I cannot allow Cockroach; I once stepped on one, and found it quite soft to the tread. A Crayfish's shell is incomparably harder than a black-beetle's.

SISYPHEUS.—Many thanks for letter.

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Readers, especially "T.B.'s," will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**A**LTHOUGH the volume of Stock Exchange business transacted by the public shows no sign of expansion, the tendency in the Stock Exchange has improved and the wave of pessimism which characterized markets at the end of July has given place to a feeling of confidence which augers well for Autumn activity. This change is particularly interesting in view of the uncertainty of the monetary position and the fact that so far the raising of the Federal Reserve Rate has failed to curtail speculation in Wall Street. Although sentiment has changed for the better, such activity as is discernible in Stock Markets is restricted to first-class counters, and there appears little doubt that the new issues of the penny bazaar variety which were in such demand last year are now consigned to their rightful place—the rubbish heap—and show no signs of regaining any of their lost popularity. It is a little difficult at the moment to forecast in which direction speculative interest will be concentrated during the next few months. Leading industrials should continue to participate in any more optimistic tendency, with such shares as Margarines, Turner & Newall and United Molasses rising to higher levels. Oils are looking much healthier, and if they regain any of their lost popularity such shares as Shells, Anglo-Persians, and Apex Trinidad should be to the fore in any upward movement. As for the Home Railway market, it is generally appreciated that the position here is very much stronger than anticipated and that prices are unduly low, while in the Mining market, Rhodesians continue to monopolize attention. If no untoward incident occurs in the monetary world, the last three months of the present year should bring considerably more interest to the Stock Exchange.

## S. HOFFNUNG

The business owned by this company (to which I have previously referred in these notes) is one of the best known Australian commercial enterprises. It was originally founded in 1853, and carried on as a private partnership until 1889, when it was converted into a limited company, while three years later the undertaking became a Public Joint Stock concern. The company conducts the business of Wholesale General Merchants, etc., in London, Sydney, Brisbane and New York, and has from its inception shown steady improvement, with a good dividend record.

Mining and pastoral pursuits were formerly the chief sources of wealth in Australia, and the development of the country's natural resources largely widened the basis of enterprise, particularly in the direction of food products. The company's activities have expanded with its general progress and a conservative financial policy has been pursued in order to be able to provide additional working capital when promising opportunities offered. Shareholders have received a dividend of 15 per cent., and a bonus of 5 per cent., making 20 per cent. in all for the past six years, and as a permanent investment these Hoffnung ordinary shares appear well worth consideration.

## HOTEL SHARES

The fact that a record number of people from abroad are visiting this country this year will be reflected in the balance sheets of the first-class hotel companies

when they are issued; this invasion must bring in its train a rich harvest for this class of company. For those who favour hotel shares for permanent investment purposes, attention is drawn to Carlton Hotel ordinary and Frederick Hotels ordinary, both of which appear worth locking away at the present levels.

## MARGARINE UNION AND MARGARINE UNIE

An outstanding feature of the holiday markets has been the strength of Margarine Union and Margarine Unie as foreshadowed in these notes on several occasions during recent months. Naturally, after the rise that has occurred, these shares do not possess the same possibilities as they did formerly. At the same time it is believed that in due course they will reach higher levels, and as sound permanent investments they are still worth retaining.

## MITCHELLS AND BUTLERS

Sir William Waters Butlers, presiding at the forty-second annual general meeting of Mitchells and Butlers, Limited, referred to the setting up of the Royal Commission on the licensing question and pointed out the difficulties that are involved in selecting suitable members for the Commission. Dealing with future budget possibilities, he pointed out that Mr. Snowden's supporters would naturally expect that in his budget of next year he will respond to their constant appeals for cheaper beer by the reduction of the heavy beer duty, one of the most onerous forms of indirect taxation.

## RUBBER SHARES

Among the many rubber shares which should attract investors at the present time, I think should be included those of Malayalam Plantations. This company held a very satisfactory annual meeting recently. It was then announced that 300 acres of tea and 1,000 acres of rubber, additional to those already in bearing, would come into production this year. The company's extensions of planted areas are based upon a carefully prepared scheme, which provides for a thirty-year replacement of the old areas with completely new material. This should ensure the future continued prosperity of the company. In order to effect the additional planting necessary to carry out this policy, 162,682 new shares have been issued to shareholders at 30s. per share in the proportion of one new share for every complete ten shares originally held. Both new and old shares are now quoted in the neighbourhood of 34s. 3d., and may be regarded as a good holding in their class.

## KIA-ORA

Brought out at a very inopportune moment, the issue of 10s. shares of Kia-Oro, Limited, was left very largely in the hands of underwriters, with the result that although some improvement in price has set in since dealings started, these shares can still be acquired at something like 1s. under the issue price. At this level they appear well worth picking up, as the business is a sound one, and the commodity sold is believed to be gaining in popularity, which should lead to enhanced profits in the future.

## COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Messrs. Mitchells and Butlers, Ltd.

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## Company Meeting

**MITCHELLS & BUTLERS, LIMITED**

The Forty-Second Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at the White Horse Hotel, Birmingham, on Thursday, August 15, under the presidency of Sir William Waters Butler, Bart.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said: Ladies and Gentlemen, before dealing with the report proper, there are two very interesting events connected with the company which have occurred since the last annual meeting, which I should like to mention.

The first is the conferment of the honour of Knighthood upon our secretary, Sir John E. Mitchell. I am sure every one associated with our firm was delighted to read the announcement, knowing the honour was well deserved and brought credit not only to the recipient but also to the company, of which he has been a managing director so long as thirty-five years, and has acted as its secretary during the last twenty-seven years. Many of us felt the honour should have come to him some years ago in recognition of the national services he rendered during the war as chairman of the Appeal Court of the Military Tribunal, and in other capacities.

It is our earnest wish that Sir John may long be spared to enjoy the honour, and I feel confident the shareholders will agree with the decision of the directors that steps be taken to record permanently this event in the history of the company.

The other event is that fifty years ago—on July 13, 1879—the first brewing was made at Cape Hill Brewery. The business at that time was carried on by the late Mr. Henry Mitchell as a private company, and to-day we are holding the forty-second annual general meeting since the flotation of the undertaking as a public company. Its remarkable growth during the forty-two years is shown by the fact that the value of the assets in the first balance sheet was £585,602, whereas in this year's balance sheet it is £7,702,812.

During the fifty years there have been only two chairmen, namely, the late Mr. Henry Mitchell, and myself. All interested financially or otherwise in the welfare of this company are under a debt of deep gratitude to the late Mr. Henry Mitchell for the policy he laid down for the conduct of its operations, and during my fifteen years' chairmanship I trust it will be agreed that I have endeavoured to keep to the path he so well defined.

I think the board can rightly claim a continuous growth of financial success, with the result that the annual report and balance sheet presented to-day sets forth our record achievement, attained by the cleanest of commercial methods, and by offering the highest value for money, receiving no more than an adequate yield of profit upon the capital employed in the business. Here let me say that we do not aim at obtaining an abnormal profit to cover what some people may consider the risky prospects of the trade in alcoholic beverages, thereby giving poor value to the consumer, but, rather, we rely upon the people and the Government of the day to give us—as we have given—an honest deal.

One feels sure the shareholders approve of the action of the board in contributing £10,000 as a special addition to the annual sum of £10,000, making in all £20,000 allocated this year to the Employees' Pension Fund, to mark this Jubilee event in the history of the company. The Pension Fund now exceeds £183,750; it is invested outside the business, and is not included in the balance sheet.

I will now refer to the trading results of the past year, and the financial position of the company.

The year has not been altogether a favourable one from a beer-consumption point of view, mainly for two reasons: the bitterly cold Spring, which greatly reduced the demand, and the adverse industrial conditions, which resulted in large numbers of workers being unemployed, thus reducing their purchasing power.

Notwithstanding that these conditions throughout the country brought about a fall in the national output of beer, your company's barrelage for the year exceeded that of the previous year. Because we always brew the finest qualities, not only of ales, but also stouts, and bottle them after careful maturing, we do not lose trade to the well-advertised proprietary brands, which, good as they may be, certainly do not excel in any respect the products of this company.

All our departments have done well, and each has contributed to the increased profits shown in the balance sheet. These profits have not been made under the most favourable conditions, and should gradually improve, consequent upon the large sums spent in building licensed houses in new areas, and improving those which should benefit from the "thinning" in old areas as a result of the "fewer and better" policy, which we so strongly support. One is glad to note from the favourable hearing given to applications made on these lines at Brewster Sessions that the licensing justices of the City and adjoining districts continue to encourage this policy. If brewers and licensing justices in other parts of the country would apply the same system, I have no hesitancy in saying that the results which would follow, in conjunction with the great diminution in drunkenness—which we are glad to know, has now become an almost non-existent problem—would deprive our critics of the only possible opening for attacking the trade, which is the undesirable conditions under which alcoholic beverages are sold in some licensed houses, consequent upon the intensive competition in congested areas discouraging the expenditure of the capital necessary to effect an improvement.

I feel we ought to be fully satisfied with the profit result which, after meeting items of abnormal expenditure, is £15,956 more than last year, but as £74,268 more was brought into the account from last year than in the 1928 balance sheet, we are able to pay additional dividends of £35,253 made up of £15,070 as a six months' dividend on the 7 per cent. maximum ordinary shares issued as a bonus during the year, and £20,183, being 7½ per cent. (tax free) dividend on new ordinary shares. These new issues, assuming the present rate of ordinary dividend is maintained, would require £70,506 as a full year's payment.

We have added £28,132 above the amount brought in this year to the carry-forward to next year, after providing £126,338 to the reserve, as against £100,000 last year, making, with the premiums received on the new issue of ordinary shares, a reserve of £1,050,000, being only £75,000 less than the reserve before the bonus distribution of £538,236 in the form of 7 per cent. maximum ordinary shares.

I think all must agree that the company is in a strong financial position from every point of view, the result of prudent distribution of profits and capitalization of surplus profits which had been placed to reserve and utilized in the advancement of the business; at the same time not depleting the reserve fund by excessive bonus distributions to a figure below that which is deemed necessary to provide for contingencies which might result in decreasing the capital values of the assets yielding the yearly profit. When we arranged to purchase the business of Holders Brewery Ltd. in 1918, we agreed to repay a loan of £400,000 by June, 1929, by yearly payments of £40,000. This we have carried out, and the £533,400 of "A" debenture bonds securing the loan have been released for re-issue if the board thinks proper. These bonds now form part of the un-issued balance of £636,600 "A" debentures of the £1,250,000 authorized in 1904, of which only £613,400 are outstanding, and represent a floating charge on the assets of the company, making these debentures not merely gilt-edged but golden securities, for we have no mortgage on a property, the item in the balance sheet of loans and deposits of £13,514 representing mainly deposits made by tenants for securing accounts.

We have not yet drawn upon the monies yielded by the issue of the new ordinary shares, but as our present rate of commitment exceeds that of the flow of the surplus of profits after meeting the requirements of interest and dividends, we shall, of course, eventually reduce our high cash total of £1,188,479 by outlays upon what we think will ultimately prove profit-earning assets. Prospects, which depend upon our own activities and preparedness, are distinctly good, and it can be only circumstances arising over which we have not the slightest control, that will prevent the board presenting to you this time next year a balance sheet as sound and favourable as the one you will be asked to adopt to-day. I do not hesitate to say that at no time in the history of the company were the shareholders in possession of more well-secured and profit-earning assets.

As the new Government undoubtedly owes its position to the labouring classes, of whom the vast majority consume beer, and knowing that Mr. Snowden has declared he does not favour the imposition of indirect taxation, his supporters will naturally expect that in his Budget of next year he will respond to their constant appeals for cheaper beer by the reduction of the heavy beer duty: one of the most onerous forms of indirect taxation, and in no sense a luxury tax.

Since our last meeting we have passed through the turmoil of a general election. It cannot be said that licensing reform was in any sense a live question to which the electors were invited to manifest an answer. In fact, each Party endeavoured to keep the subject in the background, although it is true the Liberal Party announced what, in the way of licensing reform, it would endeavour to carry out if returned to power. Time limit to ownership, otherwise diluted confiscation, and local veto or prohibition in patches, were the main lines of this policy.

You no doubt will have noticed that the new Government announced in the King's Speech that it was the intention to set up a Royal Commission on the licensing question. This declaration has been followed by the statement of the terms of reference by the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, as follows: "to enquire into the working of the laws relating to the supply and sale of intoxicating liquors, and into the social and economic aspects of the question, and to examine and report upon proposals that may be made for amending the law in England and Wales in the public interest." He also informed the House that Lord Amulree, better known as Sir William Warrender Mackenzie, had consented to act as chairman.

The appointed chairman, from all one hears and reads, is fully qualified for the position by his knowledge of the licensing laws and his wide experience, having occupied similar positions on many Government Commissions and Committees of Enquiry.

The complete personnel of the present Commission has not yet been announced but in reply to a member who intimated that unusual care ought to be taken to see that the Commissioners are impartial, Mr. Clynes replied that this had been the object of the Government—a very welcome and re-assuring statement. From what one reads, it will tend to be made up of groups or panels, similar to those of the abortive Licensing Commission of 1896, a form of Commission which at that date was quite novel. The widely differing reports then issued, plainly indicated

the inadvisability of ever again employing this panel system if anything approaching unanimity of conclusions and recommendations were desired.

The composition of the Peel Commission of 1896 was described by Sir Algernon West, its vice-chairman, as being made up of eight gentlemen supposed to represent teetotalism and the prohibitionist school on the one side, eight gentlemen representing the liquor trade on the other, and eight gentlemen the majority of whom had a wide knowledge of the question and an extensive personal experience of the working of the Licensing Laws, who were known as the impartial panel, and served, as it were, as umpires between the two bodies of conflicting opinions.

In connection with the Commission now being set up, demands are being made for representation of clubs and religious bodies, and one sees no reason if you start building up a Commission on the panel system why every interest, directly and indirectly, connected with the production, sale and distribution of alcoholic beverages should not have its own particular panel. You have only to think of agriculture, and the hundreds of allied trades, which derive a large income from such operations, which also could rightly claim representation. One can readily imagine that each interest in such a conglomeration would be acting as if it had entered a tug-of-war, hoping to score over the others.

It is my opinion that the Commission which should command public approval generally would have a personnel corresponding to the impartial panel of 1896 as described by Sir Algernon West, and the readiest way to obtain such would be to invite, say, twelve or more chairmen of licensing justices, two-thirds of whom would be of county borough benches, presided over by such a gentleman as Lord Amulree, possessing, as he does, a wide knowledge of the Licensing Laws, and their application. It might be an advantage for two women magistrates, preferably having an experience of licensing work, also to be members of the Commission.

The Reference to the present Commission varies but little from that to the Commission of 1896, but the words "due regard being had to the rights of individuals," with which it ended, are not included in the terms stated by Mr. Clynes. It is to be hoped that the omission of these words does not foreshadow that such rights will not be fully recognized in any recommendations which may be made.

With these remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to move the adoption of the Report, and will ask Mr. Herbert W. Bainbridge to second the resolution.

Mr. Herbert W. Bainbridge seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

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